THE VISION OF A SHORT LIFE

Warren B. Seabury

THE VISION OF A SHORT LIFE

A Memorial

OF

WARREN BARTLETT SEABURY

ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE YALE MISSION COLLEGE IN CHINA

"I was not disobedient unto the Heavenly Vision."

BY HIS FATHER

Joseph Bartlett Seabury

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TO
HIS CLASSMATES AT YALE
AND
HIS FELLOW-WORKERS
IN CHINA

"Warren Seabury was a man of vision. When a youth he had the vision to see that the world and everybody in it needed the religion of Jesus Christ. He had the vision to realize especially what Christianity could do for China. He had the vision to see a small collegiate school developing there into a university, conducted by men who had had the experience of Yale life and work. He had the vision to see what such an institution could do in the building up of China. He saw how his talents, such as they were, could be sacrificed to that service. Warren Seabury left Yale with a vision which was doubtless nurtured early in the home life."

Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr.
At the Memorial Service.

INTRODUCTORY

The life of one who has spent a score of years in preparation for his calling and has garnered but a handful of sheaves from early sowing when suddenly summoned to the harvesting, should be set forth with brevity and self-restraint. This is especially true of one so modest and retiring as the subject of this sketch, which is made up in part of his letters to the home circle during his student days and his three years' residence in China.

From the first the writer has kept in mind that noble army of young men just entering their life's work and asking themselves the question, "What do my talents, my education, the age to which I belong demand of me?" May students in China, also, find in these pages evidences of that entire devotion to their good which crowned Warren Seabury's life. As far as possible the personal element has been eliminated from this biography. In preparing it the writer does not act upon his own initiative, but yields to the request of friends, particularly the Executive Committee of the Yale Mission, who believe that the story of the founding of the New Yale in China cannot be fully told without tracing in its early stages the labors of this young Volunteer.

May this memorial of a beloved son, resolute, responsive to every righteous appeal, tireless in energy, genial of soul, unspoiled by praise, ever open to new Visions of Truth, extend his influence and prolong his life so early cut off.

J. B. S.

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

CONTENTS

I. Ancestry and Early Years . . . 1

II. A Year at Hotchkiss 8

III. Life at Yale 14

IV. Hartford Seminary 29

V. The Call to China — The Journey Out 45

VI. The Winter at Hankow 59

VII. Changsha — The Year of Beginnings 79

VIII. The Founding of the Yale Mission College 116

IX. Living in the Life of Others . . 131

X. Kuling 146

XI. The Accident 165

XII. The Memorial Service 177

ILLUSTRATIONS

Warren Bartlett Seabury . . . . . Frontispiece
From a photograph taken in 1904

Warren at twenty-one months 8

In his room, Theological Seminary, Hartford, Conn. 30

The old fireplace in Mr. Stokes's house, New Haven, Conn. 46

Seabury and Gage starting on one of their quests for land for Yale Mission College 88

After the Banquet at the Governor's official residence, Changsha, Hunan 102
His Excellency, Tuan Fang, in the centre

Front Gate of Yale Mission College, Changsha, "Great Ya-li College" (Translation of inscription over the door) 118

The Guest Hall, Yale Mission College . . . 124

Chinese Teachers 128
Dr. Niu : Dean, left
Mr. Ts'ai : Chinese Classics, centre
Mr. Kao : Science, right

Faculty of the College in the Chapel opening day, Nov. 16, 1906 140

Seabury and Hoyt in native dress 148

Yale Mission College : Teachers and Students, May, 1907 154
Professor H. P. Beach, Yale University, in the centre

Kuling in the Mountains 160
Yale Bungalow on extreme right

Cemetery at Kuling 174
Arthur Mann's grave on the left
Warren Seabury's grave on the right

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I

ANCESTRY AND EARLY YEARS

The story has come down to us that one spring morning about the year 1729 a boy, then in his early teens, was riding horseback from Ipswich to Topsfield, Massachusetts, carrying nails in his saddlebags for use in building his father's barn. Suddenly he was confronted by a highwayman who, hearing the jingling of the nails and thinking they were silver dollars, ordered him to halt. The quick wit of this country lad caught his crafty intent, and with a swift swing of his right arm he hurled his saddlebags over a stone wall, nails and all. The robber, instantly dismounting, sprang for his booty, while the boy, seeing that the thief had a better horse than he, mounted the fleeter animal and made a bold dash for the Topsfield farm. The sequel of this exciting adventure marks a crisis in his life. In the highwayman's saddlebags this boy, Ivory Hovey by name, found a goodly sum of money, with which he was enabled to carry out a long-cherished ambition for an education. He entered Harvard College in 1731, graduating with honor in 1735, a college-mate of

Samuel Phillips, father of the projector and principal founder of Phillips Andover Academy and ancestor of Phillips Brooks; classmate of John Phillips, founder of Phillips Exeter Academy.

In two pastorates of almost equal length, one at Mattapoisett, the other at South Plymouth, Ivory Hovey adorned the Christian ministry by a scholarly and useful service of sixty-five years. He was a man of chivalrous spirit, giving his three sons to the War for Independence; a daughter married a colonel in the army, enduring with him the hardships of that desperate struggle. He preached to the last, and died November 4, 1803, in his ninetieth year.

The subject of this sketch was a direct descendant of this resourceful and stout-hearted parson, in the fifth generation, and was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, September 17, 1877.

It is on record that, as early as the year 1639, three men were living in eastern Massachusetts, typical New Englanders, — John Warren of Watertown, Robert Bartlett of Plymouth, John Seabury of Boston, whose sons, down to the seventh generation, have won for themselves an honorable name, as the annals of the Old Colony, the heroism of Bunker Hill, and high attainments in the learned professions amply attest. Being a direct descendant of these men, whose memory is revered in the family, the boy received the name of Warren Bartlett Seabury.

His first complete sentence was "I see," and to vision his life was largely given. These two words point to a well-rounded manhood, whose vision of friendship, duty, truth he ever aimed to realize. There was an unconscious foregleam of his future in a remark made by an intelligent and attractive Chinese, who was accustomed to call at the Lowell home: "Warren, some day you will go to China and teach my countrymen about Jesus Christ."

When he was seven months old he was baptized, as the family journal says: "consecrated to the service of God." When he was nine months old, his sister, Helena, eighteen months older than he, was taken seriously ill; the disease attacked him also, and both children seemed for a time to hover between life and death. She was taken, but he was spared: "Warren has come back to us from the very Gate of Heaven, restored by God's most Holy Will."

He was a child of normal powers, of good balance, of average promise. A certain seriousness of mind, thoughtfulness, reflectiveness, early appeared in him, the basis of rapid development in later years. To one as active as he, and as ready to receive moral impressions, well-doing became in a measure easier than to many boys. Obedience was rarely compulsory; it was spontaneous. Young as he was when he began to manifest this spirit, he never betrayed the least artificiality in possessing it. From boyhood up,

what his play, his student life, his life-work demanded that he appear to be, he was. To all high ideals kept before him in the home he made ready and earnest response. There was apparent in him as a boy a quality which appeared in later life. As a friend in Hankow has written: "The characteristic that impressed us most was his faithfulness. He seldom came to Hankow; it was always, 'Seabury says he can't leave just now, he's just getting hold of the language,' or, 'Seabury thinks he has some boys fixed for the school and they might drift away if he came down.' Then there was the work for the relief of the Hunan flood sufferers, in which he was one of the leaders, — faithful and efficient, forgetful of self and pitiful of suffering."

Like many other children of a contemplative turn of mind, he occasionally practised the art of "preaching," and one Sabbath, after listening to Rev. Dr. Meredith, and being kindled by a spark from his fiery anvil, he gathered the family together and gave them a sermon on his own account, from the words "God is love." Other parts of the service were carried through in proper order and with due respect to the occasion. One day his religious fervor burst forth in these words: "I feel so happy I don't know what to do. I love God so dearly, I feel just like praying;" and he did pray, again and again.

Warren at six years of age seemed to have a sudden

vision of God, a boyish insight into things spiritual. During his father's absence in Palestine, he asked: "Did papa take off his shoes when he went into the Holy Land?" and, watching the motley crowd of people passing the house where he lived, he said: "It seems strange that all the ragged people and the black people and the coal men have been in God's hands." His early leanings towards moral and religious things in no way suppressed in him the finest physical self-expression, the most intense ardor in all boyish sports, roguery, a wholesome love of pleasantry. There was in him at that early age a prophetic blending of sturdy conscientiousness with a full, free, exuberant enjoyment of life. The man was beginning to crop out in the boy.

It was Warren's good fortune to spend the formative years of his life, from eight to eighteen, in Dedham, Massachusetts, a New England town of the historic type. Powder Rock, the Pillar of Liberty, the Training-Field of the Revolution, the Old Fairbanks House, and similar relics of the graphic past, were silently moulding his character. He canoed on the Charles, roamed the wooded slopes of Wilson's Mountain, gathered chestnuts on Federal Hill. He early showed a fondness for mechanics, wrought good specimens of work with his lathe, which he purchased with money he had himself earned, installed a telephone between his room and that of a boy friend in

the neighborhood. There was a martial note in the original design he drew to express his loyalty to his mother, — on the right a sword, on the left bow and arrows, in the centre a Cross, heavily pencilled, against which stood out the words he wished her especially to mark: "OBEDIENCE. HONOR. CHIVALRY. LOVE." Of all the games Warren played in boyhood, and ever after, none quite equalled base-ball. To his thinking it was, *par excellence*, the American game for American youth. Through his college course and in the Seminary, base-ball took the lead among his chosen pastimes.

His fondness for his home friends was very deep and ardent. Not only toward his parents, but toward each of his brothers, Joseph, Mason, and Mortimer, and his sister, Katherine, his heart ever went out in the most tender affection. Nothing could be more clearly proved than this by reading his home letters from College, Seminary, and his field of labor in China.

He spent six years at the Ames Grammar School. Mr. J. H. Burdett, the principal, writes: "Warren was rather reserved, friendly to all, as is becoming in the democracy of a public school. I well remember his uniform bearing of modest self-respect and courtesy. He was instinctively a gentleman. I try to recall him as he appeared to me sixteen years ago, and not allow my picture of him to be clouded by my knowledge of his devotion to high ideals and Christian

heroism so conspicuous in his manhood." He took the full course at the High School under Mr. George F. Joyce, Jr., graduating in 1895.

Warren had at times expressed a desire to unite with the church; his delay in taking this step accorded with his temperament and his deliberate manner of weighing well all important questions. In his decision to devote himself to the service of God, as a minister of the Gospel, his resolve to make public profession of religion crystallized. On the first Sabbath in July, 1895, he, with twenty-five others, mostly young people, joined the First Congregational Church of Dedham, and of that church he remained a member to the close of his life.

II

A YEAR AT HOTCHKISS

Upon graduation from the High School, Warren passed his preliminaries for admission to Yale, but it was thought an advantage to give him a year in some good fitting school. Hotchkiss, at Lakeville, Connecticut, was chosen, and it was his good fortune to come under the thorough instruction and refining influence of that virile friend of boys, Edward G. Coy.

No event in a boy's life so tests his character as when he begins life in an academy away from home. To a positive, aggressive nature it brings an opportunity for leadership; to a boy of unassuming disposition it demands a reënforcement of decision, manliness, courage. Warren's happy art of making friends helped him to win his way into many hearts at Hotchkiss, but fully to adapt himself to his new surroundings required an exercise of will. He shrank from self-imposed prominence; he preferred to be sought after rather than to court favor. There was something noticeable in the way he carried himself,—open to receive impressions from others, very guarded in admitting others into the inner chamber of his heart. As a result he chose his friends cautiously and with discriminating reserve.

At twenty-one months

In the direction of athletics, especially foot-ball, Warren developed a healthy ambition, but, having received an accident to his knee, he was kept back by parental warnings. "You are very, very kind to me. May this introductory sentence prepare you for the next (you know me), I want to play f—— b——. When I get to Yale, whose Freshman class will be bigger than the whole school here, I won't get a chance to play at all, not through my whole college course. Of course I shall do as you say, but I hope you will say — what I want you to." He accepted a negative answer with that earnest deference to parental choice which always marked his conduct.

The studies of this single year at a preparatory school were directed to the final test for admission to college, and were in a measure review work. He took an honorable stand in all of them, but made his best record in English. "I am anxious to get an honor in some study; I hope it may be in English, where I often get 'A.' My instructor in that department says my standing is high enough to warrant one. . . . I am very busy; besides twenty-one hours a week in the recitation room, I have glee club five times a week, gymnasium an hour each day, Latin at sight two evenings a week, debating once a week with duties as secretary of that Society, treasurer of the Pythian, and library work."

No record of those days at Hotchkiss would be

complete without reference to the deepening of his religious life. He thought much upon problems older heads than his have found it impossible to solve. And yet he made his modest attempt at a solution: "I understand the Trinity better than I used to. It seems to me something like this, — God sent his Spirit into the world, first through a man whom He called 'My son.' Jesus Christ was born like any other person, but was filled with the Spirit of God, so that He was on this earth God in the flesh. He was sinless, but being a man He came to meet and overcome temptation. (Note. It is possible for us to become Christ-like, if we overcome the temptations of life.) After God had sent His Spirit into the world in visible form for the short space of thirty-three years, and after men had seen a perfect life which they might copy, He withdrew His son. Then He sent the Holy Spirit, Who takes possession of every one in proportion as he has the heart to receive Him. Christ was a man of like passions with ourselves, and yet He was the Son of God. How can I reconcile that with the fact that He was with God before the world was? Yet they need not necessarily conflict, for Christ could have come down to earth, taken the form of a child, and filled the body as He grew to manhood. Mr. B—— says there is a time when young men think they are very wise, when their simple, childhood faith gives way to broader views of life. I hope

to pass that stage in perfect safety. Its influence I begin to feel." In the same vein of reflection he wrote a little later: "It is much easier for me to see the reasons for serving Christ than it is for me to realize in my heart that God is everywhere, although I have mental proof of that fact and also that He is attentive to my prayers. But I am praying for ability to see more clearly what I really desire. I don't know what 'animating Presence' is, but I think that God is that Divine Something which has got hold of the world and enters every Christian heart. Conscience is a quality of the Divine Spirit."

Warren seldom referred to his own spiritual experience, feeling it was one of those things that cannot be exposed to the view of any one. These words were rarely duplicated in his correspondence with the home circle: "I have been thinking of my own Christian life. I believe it will strengthen my faith and be advantageous to me in every way to do active work for Christ. I have a feeling that such work will help me to be a better Christian and to come into sympathy with Him. I must make my college life, now so near at hand, doubly profitable, once for the home friends and once for myself. I thank God that in pleasing my earthly parents I am pleasing Him."

Warren's religious life developed normally, growing into a serene faith and at times into an exuberant

joy. And yet the tide was not always at the full: "I have made several good resolves of late, but I think it is better not to speak of them, but to show what they are by their results." In the following he admits an experience unknown to him before, nor did he ever use the depressing words again: "I am almost *discouraged*, and yet I cannot explain it. I feel doubtful about religion. I don't know what to do. I must remember that religion is not emotional. I almost feel that in what I have been writing there were things which I could not have fully realized or things in which I was deceived. Don't mind what I say. I shall be all right soon. At any rate it will do me good to get home once more. I hope to get into college without a condition but am afraid of being over-confident." In this case at least his habit of underestimating his ability was not well founded. He passed all his examinations for admission to Yale without conditions.

The instructors and students of Hotchkiss School followed Warren to his new work in China. His name was kept before them by speakers from outside, and there were many references to his labors in China during the Missionary Conference at the School in 1907. To centralize this interest and give it permanent form, a tablet is about to be erected in one of the Yale Mission buildings at Changsha, bearing the following inscription: —

IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
THE REVEREND WARREN BARTLETT SEABURY, B.A.
A FOUNDER OF THIS COLLEGE
BORN SEPTEMBER 17, 1877, DROWNED AT KULING, JULY 29, 1907
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED
BY THE
HOTCHKISS SCHOOL
OF WHICH HE WAS ONCE A MEMBER

He walked with God and he was not
for God took him

III

LIFE AT YALE

"ALL is well! I am a Yale student in full standing! Please send my bond." The bond under seal, soon in Warren's hands, suggests a "bond" of a more personal kind, and more enduring, between himself and the college of his choice. It was destined to hold him to her as with bands of steel, to mould his character and give it structure, to shape his life's work and give it concreteness. It was "a bond under seal" to the Almighty for service in China.

The first of his family to enter Yale, he threw himself into her contagious activities. He quickly responded to her bracing "spirit." Although of a sensitive temperament, he had withal a good measure of self-reliance, force of will, discrimination in matters of personal justice, a fine passion against defenceless abuse; he had the qualities which call out respect among his associates. His year at Hotchkiss had given him a circle of acquaintances exceedingly helpful in establishing him in the student life of the University. That he early caught her atmosphere appears in a letter of his, published in the Dedham "High School Bulletin," soon after the opening of Freshman year: "Yale is preëminently a college of customs.

The Freshmen are not permitted to sit on the fence in the Campus unless their nine wins the base-ball game with the Harvard Freshmen; nor can they pass ball nor spin top on the Campus(!). This 'privilege' is reserved for Seniors. Only Seniors can bow to the President as he passes down the middle aisle at Chapel. Although athletics are interesting to all the students, they are not predominant over the intellectual side of Yale life, as outsiders sometimes claim they are."

Soon after the opening of college Dean H. P. Wright gave the customary address to the Freshman class; his subject, "Privileges and Duties of Students," with its fourfold division, "Character, Honor, Privilege, Example," furnishing Warren a motto for his course at Yale. During Freshman year he roomed in Lake Place, at the house of Dr. E. F. McIntosh; during Sophomore and Junior years at 272 Lawrance Hall.

In the summer of 1897, at the close of Freshman year, Warren travelled in Europe with his cousin, M. Phillips Mason, a Junior at Harvard. They visited Paris, did a good deal in Switzerland, saw the beauties of the Rhine, looked into Western Germany, toured Holland and a little of Southern England. Writing of the trip, Mr. Mason says: "Warren had two qualities which are invaluable when travelling with others; he was always good-natured, ready to under-

take anything, and he had a deep sense of humor. He seemed to enjoy people, on the whole, more than places. He was always having his fun with the various persons whom we happened to meet, and did love to have his little talks with them to see what they were made of. While we were in London we went to service in Westminster Abbey. Canon Gore preached; his text was from one of the verses in the story of the Pharisee and the Publican, and he very effectively inveighed against self-satisfaction and exclusiveness. He came close to his audience, and his manner was extremely informal. We both felt that it was one of the finest sermons we had ever heard. But Warren remarked that the formality of the English service did not seem to him in keeping with the directness of Canon Gore. This illustrates not only his dislike for formality in religious worship, but his good sense of the fitness of things."

More recently Mr. Mason wrote: "On one of the last drives we took together, I remember Warren's telling me that he thought the main thing that made life worth living was to live for some high ideal. I think he felt most at home in an intellectual and spiritual environment, but his real ideal was to bring about something of an architectonic nature. He was primarily executive."

Warren's candor and ingenuousness lacked nothing in their claim on his fellows; he was never tempted

to be other than perfectly transparent. Various forces contributed to develop his Christian life. One of these was the college pulpit. It was his habit to give in his weekly home letter a digest of the sermon of the previous Sunday. He wrote of his enjoyment in listening to Dr. Alexander McKenzie, whose definition of a Christian he long remembered and quoted: "A Christian is one who does for Christ's sake what he would not do otherwise."

Of President Stryker of Hamilton he writes: "He uses forcible language, and some of his bursts of eloquence would seem out of place from one who spoke less spontaneously than he. One secret of his power lay in his naturalness and ease." He was impressed by the ornate diction of Dr. Henry van Dyke, the evangelical fervor of Dr. Burrell, the practical weight of Dr. Teunis Hamlin, the logical acumen and Saxon clarity of Dr. Jefferson. Stirred by a powerful discourse by Dr. Bradford, he hastened to record his feelings: "I have been thinking that a minister does very little good who does not preach fundamental truths. While listening to such a man as he, one feels the love of God, the power of God, and something of His eternal verities. I sometimes think we talk too much and think too little." Later in his course he writes of the services in Battell Chapel in a more appreciative way still: "I don't know what I should do without the divine stim-

ulus of hearing God's Word preached, and being in a religious atmosphere; I am praying for guidance and the soul to follow God closely in my life's work."

The field for mission work in New Haven is a wide one. As in the case of many other students Warren went into it heartily, believing it would have its bearing on his future, as a Christian worker. After an evening at the East Street Mission he described in his home letter the arrangements of the building and the atmosphere of the room, "filled with college men and tramps." When testimonies were called for, two men arose to show their desire to live better lives: "The leader told them that if they wanted to follow Christ they could not have lodgings in that house that night. 'Which will you choose?' said the leader. They both gave up the lodgings." This frontier-like method of putting an untutored inquirer to the test did not commend itself to Warren's common sense. But his open-mindedness towards any methods by which a man may be reached led him to review the subject thoughtfully and make a personal application to his own life: "I don't think I myself have learned some important truths yet. I wish that the desire for work which I feel in a meeting like this burned in my heart all the time. May God give me an earnest enthusiasm in His service this week."

The religious life at Yale was sometimes quickened

by the coming of preachers or evangelists of note, selected for their power over young men. In Warren's Junior year George Adam Smith and Dwight L. Moody held special services at the College: "Moody preached with his usual frankness and straightforwardness on 'sowing and reaping.' After speaking for half an hour he asked those who could do so to remain longer, and many stayed. Then he asked if any had the courage to say they wanted the gift of eternal life. There was a pause; then I tried to count the voices of those who said 'I have,' or an equivalent, but could not keep track of them. Over one hundred followed him downstairs, while a large number of Christians remained above to pray. We have been praying for ten days that Moody and Smith might have power to move men's hearts. May God forgive us for doubting that He would answer our prayers, and for being surprised when He did answer them to-night. We are very thankful for the work done by glorious Mr. Moody. We look for a decided spiritual atmosphere here at Yale. We have a list of twenty men in our class who have responded to his direct appeals to enter the Christian life. It has always seemed to me that the great feature of the Christian life was a deep, animating, changeless, spiritual energy, — something which never seemed to be my possession. If I were not wrong in trusting so much to feeling, and if I were not deceived by a

temporary enthusiasm, I should think I was drawing nearer."

The growth of Warren's Christian life was marked from the outset by a healthful virility. Imbedded in a deep religious instinct, it broadened sanely into an every-day life in God. There was no feverish straining after a stereotyped form of godliness, but the unfolding of a man's inner self, with God as its Soul and Being. He believed that Dwight Hall, as a centre for the activities of Christian men, was a distinct localization and development of the spiritual aspirations of students. It quite fitted into his own needs as expressed early in his course: "I think my Christian life is somewhat dependent upon my surroundings. I must be in close alliance with others in order to feel enthusiastic."

It would be setting up a false standard were we to judge of Warren's character by his religious aspirations alone. No student could have a more rational view of the whole range of college life than he. He was extremely fond of athletics, and believed they were necessary to a well-proportioned manhood. His delight in returning to the track, after an obstinate handicap of two years caused by an injured knee, was very keen: "I have been running nearly all the fall, in preparation for the autumn contests. They took place yesterday and I am the happy possessor of two shining cups, one for second in the one-hundred-yard

dash and one for first in the two-twenty. It was a source of genuine satisfaction to me, but I had to run all the way. As a result I was given a big dinner at the best restaurant in the city." Writing later on the same subject, he says: "The class games took place yesterday. I was not successful. It is a sort of belief of mine that there is a law of compensation among men; that if one cannot excel in one direction, he can in another. It only remains for him to find out what that direction is."

The shaping of Warren's future calling began to appear near the close of his Junior year. His letters of this period were especially thoughtful and specific in their references to his place in God's kingdom. About this time he, with thirty others, who were "supposedly thinking about entering the ministry," was invited to spend an evening at the house of President Dwight. To be in such a company showed that he was ready to be classed among those who were looking toward that profession. In the same letter he quietly remarks: "I have had quite a long talk with Arthur B. Williams, Jr., of the Yale Missionary Band." Thus it appeared that the seed had begun to germinate. Theology and missions were filling the horizon of his future. He had succeeded in getting many of his student friends to go with him to Northfield that summer. As the meetings advanced, the ploughshare struck into the deepest depths of his

soul. It brought light, conviction, decision. "The meetings lack nothing of their consummate power;" and of that "power" Warren partook in abundant measure. When he returned home he beckoned to his mother and father to come into a room by themselves, and there he told the story in a single sentence: "I have made up my mind to be a missionary." The light of a joyous hope was on his face, the assurance that he had done his full duty.

And yet that characteristic of his, to weigh well any step he was inclined to take, led him to write, on his return to college: "I want to consider with you the question of signing the Volunteer Card. If I decide to sign, I want to do it before I graduate, both for my own good and for the good of those about me. This is my last year and oh! the thoughts that come when I reflect upon that fact! I will not let this fire go out if, by God's grace, it is possible to keep it burning." And again a little later: "During this Senior year I am trying to *live*. There is so much that I have not done, the danger is I will not do it in this my last chance. The fact is I don't know just where to begin." The significance of such a step seemed to him so weighty that he held it in a state of suspense until March 1, 1900, when he writes, "I signed the Volunteer Card yesterday. You know this is no sudden decision of mine. I have been thinking of it for a long time. Of late special influence has been brought

to bear upon me through my friend, Brewer Eddy, and others. I have looked at the matter from every side, and while I do not claim to appreciate this step fully, I feel I have been divinely guided and do not fear self-accusation for over-hastiness. I am weak, but pray for increasing strength every day. I. H. N." Nothing could indicate more clearly the prudence, the caution, the deliberateness of Warren's manner of coming to a crisis in life than this. The decision was made for all time; nothing could turn him from it.

The week following brought to Yale the two men who of all others were fitted for such a critical epoch in his life, Mott and Speer. "Mott's work," writes the new volunteer, "has been marked with power from the beginning. Not only has he reached unusually large audiences by his clear argument, solemn earnestness and conviction, but he has devoted a large portion of his time to personal interviews with men. In this way he met in the neighborhood of forty students who desired advice. We who had been praying and working for the meetings, were deeply stirred by seeing the number and quality of the fellows not only attending the meetings but staying to know more perfectly of 'this way.' It was our special duty to get men to come, men who needed such influence, and to talk with them afterwards. Speer spoke to a full house last Friday evening. Robert E. Speer is a vision of God."

Another force that was at work to strengthen him in his recent decision was the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York, April, 1900, which he calls "a fine monument to the power of the Gospel of Christ. I am glad I attended. I was impressed with the fact that there is a great host of missionaries in the field; that the missionary enterprise is a mighty one, supported by the best element in the churches; that the missionary's calling is one of the greatest dignity, perhaps the nearest fulfillment of Christ's will on earth. One remark made near the end of the meeting is well worth remembering: 'The close of the Ecumenical Conference is the beginning of the Ecumenical conquest.' The meetings as a whole were a great inspiration. I hope now to go on from strength to strength, without the interruption caused by lack of conviction, hesitancy, and other petty things that have foolishly hindered my growth." In such confessions as these his extreme sensitiveness and shrinking from display appeared. He could not affirm a conviction he did not feel. The fibre of his nature was so delicate that he sometimes feared his deeds might fall behind his faith: "I may be wrong, but I have felt as if I did not want to tell of my decision on all sides. Telling my near relatives would not be advertising myself, but I have felt as if it would be better to let the facts appear in due time, without haste, when my determination has ripened and de-

veloped my life a little more fully; and so it appears to me better to say little or nothing to others about it at present."

In a letter of introspection and intense desire to make no slip in his final choice, he writes: "It seems to me that if God is at one end of this chain of fact, the need of man is at the other, and if I can be one to fill the need, that is one reason for my going. I tried to examine every foot of ground. I said, 'If God is not running any risk in this course, I am running none.' Medicine I do not care for; law seems less and less attractive as time goes on; journalism is not mine. On the ground of common sense my life seems to be directed towards serving Christ actively. If a minister, why not a missionary? So you see how practically I have gone into this matter. I do not feel that all is yet done. I lack deep faith, confident hope, Christian joy. If I ever needed your prayers it is now. I am face to face with the future; I must press on."

In this resolute spirit Warren moved forward. His Christian life, natively assertive, now becomes intense in its grip on men, in its vision of things spiritual. He developed a new instinct for action, for service, and for God; he now finds new ambitions to arouse in other lives.

Returning to New Haven for his last term of Senior year, and sitting down in his room in Vanderbilt Hall, which he was so soon to leave, he writes: "It is a

serious time. May God bless our last months here together. Although by this time I ought to have become accustomed to leaving home, this last leave-taking was as hard as any. The vacation was peculiarly enjoyable and every member of the family seemed dearer. There are so many things that come up now, so many advantages to avail myself of, that I wish sometimes I had four years more to devote to service in college. And yet, from another point of view, the nearness with which I approach graduation does n't seem to increase my desire to stay. When these thoughts come to me I am almost ready to accuse myself of disloyalty to Yale. And yet in spite of the happy associations and the varied joys of college life, graduation is not an altogether distasteful thought. There is a new world before me."

As Commencement Day draws near, he writes: "It is impressive, this thought of graduating from college, when one has time to think. But thinking has not been my lot much of late. Examinations are on and I have worked pretty hard so far. Up late at night and early in the morning has been my custom, with plenty of hard work during the day."

Warren entered with great ardor into the festivities of Commencement Week. It was not an easy thing for him to realize that his graduation day had really come. To his parents and sister "Dib" (his pet name for her) he gave a hearty welcome. Beneath

the exterior of pleasantry there always flowed the current of reflection. The breaking of college ties brought him many a pang of regret; his frequent return to his Alma Mater afterwards revealed his love for her.

Were it possible for a single writer to give in one picture a view of Warren's college life, no one would be better able to do this than William B. Stoskopf, who has written: —

"As a friend and comrade he was ideal, loyal to the core and dependable under all circumstances. Roommates for three years as we were, I do not recall the slightest act on his part which was unworthy of the highest traditions of the Christian gentleman.

"As a student, while far removed from the 'grind,' Warren was careful, painstaking, and thoroughly conscientious. He viewed his college studies as a preparation for usefulness in his after life, and possessed the quality of assimilating knowledge and making it a part of himself. It was natural that a man who threw himself with his whole soul into as great a variety of activities as Warren did, should attain a genuine popularity. His moral force and sound practical wisdom soon made him a valued counselor for many men who prized his friendship.

"The forcefulness of the man was illustrated in the way he announced to me his decision regarding his life's work. Although I knew he was deeply inter-

ested in the Student Volunteer Movement, I had no idea he contemplated going to China until he quietly told me one evening as we were sitting in our room. What most impressed me was his utter unselfishness. The only matter worthy of consideration appeared to him to be where his life would count the most for God and man.

"Warren's life was a life with a vision. During his college course those near him perceived that he was living in that atmosphere of souls where visions may be seen.

"'Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord; or who shall rise up in His holy place? Even he that hath clean hands and a pure heart.'"

IV

HARTFORD SEMINARY

THE transition from College to Theological Seminary is a sudden and radical one. The student has been accustomed to a particular type of man, "the college man." Now he is to meet men having before them a specific calling, a vocation, whose chief characteristic is that it demands modesty and an absence of ostentation in him who devotes himself to it. And yet in entering the Seminary the student makes a certain affirmation that he is to become a spiritual leader of men.

Upon one of Warren's build this assumption of spiritual leadership made a distinct impression. Was he ready for such a calling? Could he ever become an example to others? His answer came in the absorbing purpose of his life, to preach the Gospel of Christ. The nature of his chosen profession opened to him a great variety of collateral studies which fed his passion for knowledge and power, diverting his mind for the time being from the intensely spiritual weight of responsibility. In College he had lived in a broadly democratic world; in the Seminary he came into a more restricted circle.

In choosing Hartford as the arena of his theological

studies Warren was most fortunate. There he mingled with men of similar aspirations with himself, there he found spiritual surroundings which cultivated his spiritual purpose. The opening of the fall term of 1900 found him settled on the fourth floor of Hosmer Hall, with Gilbert Lovell as room-mate, his friend in Yale and later in China: "We have three rooms, a study flanked by two rooms of unequal size," and in this study Warren did a good deal of hard work.

On the intellectual side he made progress with marked rapidity. His mind grew in range, penetration, power of continuity, and in the persistent fruits of industry. His college course laid the foundations solidly; not till he began his work in the Seminary did the walls of the superstructure really appear. Then they shot up wonderfully fast. His home friends observed it, others remarked it, among them one who had followed his course with discrimination: "No one developed faster than Warren in those years subsequent to his graduation from College. He would probably have kept on growing all the more and all the faster because of his late development. Upon coming to the Seminary he had not yet 'come unto his own,' had not shown what was really in him." He made a bold dash at Hebrew and found out what sort of a problem he had to solve: "We have had ten days of Hebrew, the bugbear of theological study.

IN HIS ROOM, HARTFORD THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

I cannot say that I thoroughly enjoy it. I used to think I had some gift in acquiring languages. Either I was mistaken or it is necessary to have a distinct talent for Hebrew. I dread losing a single lesson. As it is, it is hard to keep up with the pace."

Into the various departments of seminary study he threw himself with energy. Whether it was New Testament Greek, or Systematic Theology, or Church History, he was always the same earnest student. He had a way of rapidly assimilating the substance of a lecture, or book, thinking while he walked or played golf, as well as while he buried himself in his studies. His mental activity was intense, his grasp of a subject vigorous. He applied himself to strictly theological subjects with a becoming reverence, which led him to deal thoroughly and candidly with every truth and yet did not hamper his freedom in forming his own opinion.

Next to his mental expansion was his intense fondness for active work. Soon after he entered the Seminary he devoted himself to local missionary enterprises, believing he could thereby increase his efficiency in reaching men. At various times he did work at Warburton Chapel, the Open Hearth, the Friendly Brotherhood, the Chinese Sunday - School. After visiting a social settlement he wrote: "A fine work, but I don't feel as if it were as direct and as effectual as evangelistic work." Having been deputed to re-

port sermons preached in one of the pulpits of the city, he was pleased to be assigned to the Asylum Hill Congregational Church. He had a warm place in his heart for Mr. Twichell, whose sermon appeared in Monday's "Courant." He taught a mission-study class in the Wethersfield Avenue Church, taking up Japan. He led the young people's meeting at the Centre Church and assisted a friend in conducting a Boys' Brigade. Added to this was attendance upon lectures at the City Hospital given to all missionary volunteers. But he discovered he was dipping into too many things: "I want to restrict my time and strength as the outlines of the future become more clearly defined."

As the seminary years passed Warren derived much pleasure from social life. Here his spirit of good cheer found ample scope. He needed the relief that comes from contact with others: "Last Friday evening the Seminary held its annual Washington's Birthday celebration. Somehow I have been accused of having some abilities in a dramatic way, and was drafted into service as manager of a lot of shadow pantomimes. It took a deal of time but was appreciated. Most of the professors attended and enjoyed it as much as the younger brethren did."

His modest refinement of sensibility was a shield to him in meeting the vices and the vulgarities of the world. There was in him a wholesome and protective

love of purity, which pervaded his taste and shaped his love of the beautiful in nature and in art. His fondness for the choicest poetry was inspired by this trait; it was pronounced and individual. His poetic preferences were entirely personal. He was drawn to Browning, and made a careful study of his deeper poems with analytical thoroughness. In his letters from the Seminary he speaks of reading "Saul" critically. Edward Rowland Sill had many charms for him, and he was accustomed to carry a copy of Sill with him on his journeys. Wordsworth also he greatly enjoyed. His college note-book contains an analysis of the "Excursion:" the "Ode to Duty" was a favorite with him. But books, poems, paintings, all expressions of art, were entirely subordinate to *life*. Preëminent over all the productions of man's mind was the man himself, human personality, human passion and inspiration. He was fond of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and tried to fulfil, in his love of the chaste and refined, Tennyson's prayer: —

> "I have lived my life, and that which I have done
> May He within himself make pure."

A man of Warren's enthusiasms was at home among boys. Wherever he was he sought young blood; he was always a welcome companion among boys and a participant in their games. His adaptability to this class made him a very successful councilor at Camp Asquam, Holderness, New Hamp-

shire, where he spent several summers during his college and seminary years. Many boys of the camp have borne generous testimony to his manly example and his personal interest in their welfare. His experience at Camp led him to say in an article published in a Wellesley paper of August, 1901: "At the most impressionable stage in a boy's career, only the purest and most wholesome influences should be suffered to exist. The nearer he can be brought into contact with nature, the more correctly he can be made to indulge in natural and suitable exercise, and the more clearly he can be made to appreciate the deeper truths of life, the better is he fitted to cope with the duties before him. Professors no longer insist upon sending all university men through the same mould. Individual needs and propensities demand special provision. This is even more evident at that earlier stage when the character and mind, as well as the body, are pliable. It is a rare opportunity for the boys, this camping; a heavy responsibility, together with a great pleasure, for those who attempt to mould the precious material in their hands. Nothing but the best of effort, thought, and care is good enough."

In the progress of his seminary course Warren came to that period when he must put into practice the things he had learned. His licensure at the hands of the Hartford Association of Congregational Ministers was granted him in the spring of 1902. Of the

examination he writes: "We first read a brief statement of our religious experience and belief; then came the sermon and our reasons for entering the ministry. After that we were subjected to questioning. Several spoke to me about my sermon, among them Professor ——, who has referred to it again since then." He also wrote Warren's father at the time: "I want to express to you my very great satisfaction in your son's examination for license before our Association. I was especially pleased with his brief sermon, one of the best things I have heard from a student for a long time. The style and thought were exceptionally good."

It has been observed that those who are by nature reserved express their inner selves more easily in public than in private. The presence of an audience awakens a certain freedom of utterance and "they are sheltered by the multitude." Warren was of this type, his hearers giving him confidence, and assuring him they were with him and glad to hear his voice. They gave an elasticity to his thought, vent to his emotions, fluency to his speech. When speaking with an unseen God in public prayer, his words were apt and unaffected. He never expressed himself in a stilted or commonplace manner.

During the summer of 1902 Warren found a clear field for the exercise of preaching in a country parish in Weathersfield, Vermont. He preached at the

"Centre" in the forenoon and at the "Bow" in the afternoon. He usually covered the intervening distance of four miles on horseback. He did much hard study, served faithfully as pastor, visiting the families in the parish, and working for the young people. He did not get through the season without betraying his fondness for base-ball, but, having an invitation to play in a match game with a neighboring club, he discreetly declined. He issued small cards which served as a weekly calendar, always announcing the text, as on one occasion, Revelation xxi, 1, "And there shall be no more sea." One who joined the church during that brief ministry, and who afterwards became an earnest Christian worker in a New Hampshire town, writes: "While Mr. Seabury was in our home we all learned to love him and to admire his manly, winsome Christian bearing. I shall never forget the lessons he taught me; they were many and varied. He tutored me in Latin, but the one thing I best remember was a suggestion of his as to how to study, which helped me over more than one hard subject later. His influence upon my life did not end with his departure that summer. I often read the letter he wrote me just before he left for China. It was typical of his courageous helpfulness. He wanted us to think of him as one 'who remembers though far away.' Since his death I have reconsecrated my life to the Master's service; I am trying to be worthy of

the hope he had in me. I want others to know that one life is richer because he lived."

In this new work of preaching Warren gave promise of much success. His friends affirmed that he possessed marked qualifications for it. He had so thoroughly studied theological subjects, made so completely his own the thought he aimed to present, that it became easy for him to give it to others. He felt that the true preacher could not be the product of a theological factory; the man must *grow* his sermon. It could not be produced by a series of lecture courses; it must be the product of an awakened soul. His spiritual reserve distinctly favored this growth of the inner life and its fullest expression in the pulpit; through this preaching there ran the golden thread of sincerity and naturalness which made its way to the hearts of those who heard him. His strong, sonorous voice gave the delivery of his sermon an apparent ease which found an echo in his hearers, reassuring him in return. He always kept his voice at a medium register, speaking with a clear enunciation; he made but few gestures. In the summer of 1903, during the vacation season, he preached in the Dedham pulpit. Of the occasion a friend wrote at the time: "We have just come from morning service and I hasten to tell you how proud we all are of Warren. You can hardly imagine the great pleasure our people have had in listening to his first sermon in our church.

He seemed much at home in the old pulpit and gave us a fine discourse. We had the largest congregation this summer, and many greeted him personally after the service. You have great reason to rejoice in the prospects of your eldest son, and we are glad to think of him as one of the children of our church."

The critical studies of his seminary course were drawing to their close, and Warren came back to Hartford in the spring of 1903 for the final "pull." If his mental growth had been rapid and solid, his spiritual expansion had kept pace with it. He threw himself more fully than ever into the life about him. His "genius for friendship" was never more apparent than during those last seminary days. Out of it grew a desire, amounting to self-effacing eagerness, to impart some measure of happiness to others. Upon the higher levels he sought their good, their spiritual betterment. Looking back over this period, after Warren's death, one of the professors thus estimates his character: "The bright, cheery face, the winsome manner, the full-blooded life, the frank, noble, straightforward manhood, the spiritual Christ character — these all come up before us as we think of those three years when he tarried with us at the Seminary. We have told you more than once of how we valued his influence in the seminary life which gathers round us year by year and which, in such a peculiar way, has its own problems and its own possi-

bilities; but we wish now to tell it again with added emphasis and deeper feeling. From the time he crossed the threshold of Hosmer Hall he was a power, not only with his classmates, but with all those who made up the common fraternity of the student life. If it was athletics he was at its enthusiastic front; if it was the social life he was its natural gathering point; if it was study he gave others to see what was the honest, faithful spirit; if it was missions he stood for all the work of an interested learner and a devoted doer of all that missions offered to be done."

It was in Warren's devotion to missions that his seminary course came to its ripe fruitage. The primal question had been settled and he was to be a servant of the Master in a foreign field. His ambition reached its climax in a burning zeal for service abroad, not always a visible flame, but perpetually a fire on the hearthstone of his inner life. During the last term he preached a good deal in various places, speaking on missions at Talcottville, Simsbury, Southington, Meriden, and in other towns in Connecticut. He also spoke at Amherst, Massachusetts, at South Hadley, and Mt. Hermon. But he did not neglect the little pulpit outside of Hartford, of which he writes: "To-night I have been out to Blue Hills. Small audience, very, but a big subject, exceedingly. If one was helped it was worth the work and the time. We speak of people's having different talents, but we some-

times wonder why the flesh is so weak and the lips so slow in using the talents which we have. Oh, for powers of expression and helpfulness! Do you know it is a relief not to be waiting, writing, fussing, praying for a church? So many of the fellows are disturbed over the question of their future. I am mercifully spared this agony. I am bearing up pretty well under much work of one kind and another, seeing that a whole life is before me."

In February, 1902, while a member of the Middle class, Warren attended the Student Volunteer Convention at Toronto, with an attendance of twenty-five hundred delegates: "The speaking was fine. I do not feel that the meetings lifted me to any high range of enthusiasm and any such intensity of feeling as I have experienced at similar great gatherings. But the mighty truths I already knew were forced deeper down into my soul. I was strengthened in my faith rather than deeply moved. If this is really the effect upon me, I am really glad. It will, I am sure, prove of more lasting benefit. Speer and Mott were there in all their power. Personal consecration, prayer, interest in the work of Christ in the neediest places, and the cultivation of His presence ran all through the sessions. I felt more strongly than ever that my work has been well chosen and am happy in the choice. May its influence upon me never be lost."

Warren rejoiced in the coming to Hartford of

President W. D. McKenzie, writing: "Dr. McKenzie is an inspiration. He is now lecturing on the incarnation and the atonement — those absolutely fundamental themes — so thoroughly, reverently, spiritually! I feel as if he were laying out the true ethics, the rationale of the whole Divine scheme (as far as an humble man can understand it), and though I fail to grasp it in anything like its clearness I feel as if the Truth lay with him. I must read it, think it, live it into myself. We are glad of the opportunity of hearing such noble and inspiring presentations of the fundamental truths. I think my theology is now settling down to a solid Rock, that which is laid in Jesus Christ; in His Divine death for human sin. It is by no means clear even to the best of men, but I think I know where the Truth lies and thither I will travel."

President McKenzie has kindly furnished his personal recollections: "My acquaintance with Warren as a student at Hartford was confined to the three weeks during which I lectured here to the Senior Class in January, 1903. This was before I was called to my present position in this Institution. But his personality was such as even in that brief time to leave a definite impression upon my mind. He stands out from the crowd of students whom I picture as I recall them, for the sweetness and strength of his character. He seemed to be a man of singularly pure mind, of deep earnestness, of quiet dignity in his bearing.

While his Christian zeal was apparent to every one, it was combined with a very hearty and happy manner. He took an interest in the sports of his fellows, and was a leader in their base-ball games. He looked forward to his life-work with intense delight, prepared for it with great diligence, entered upon it with high hopes. We must trust that the active life so soon cut short here was called away to some form of service in another sphere."

Warren graduated from Hartford Seminary in May, 1903, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. He delivered the class oration, choosing as his subject "Success;" he also represented the class at the Alumni dinner and spoke at the planting of the class ivy. The Seminary offered him the opportunity of studying methods of missionary instruction in England, Scotland, and Germany and, on his return, of lecturing on the subject before the students. It was his choice, however, to take a final year at Yale, studying philosophy and comparative religions. He reëntered the University in the autumn of 1903 and located in Divinity Hall; he joined the Graduates Club, where he found much to gratify his social tastes. He took the Law School Bible Class, also the graduate students in the same department, of which he writes: "I had my first session with the 'grads' this noon. It is going to be interesting, I am sure. My purpose is to have a sort of parliament, with plenty

of questions and suggestions from the class; this will be the order and not the exception."

With a very profitable year at New Haven he finished his preparation for his life's work, and received from Yale the degree of Master of Arts.

On the ninth day of June, 1904, Warren was ordained to the ministry at the First Church in Hartford. Addresses were made by Professor M. W. Jacobus, of Hartford Seminary, Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., of Yale University, Rev. James L. Barton, of the American Board. Professor F. K. Sanders gave the Right Hand of Fellowship; Warren's father offered the ordaining prayer.

One who knew him thoroughly during his seminary course and followed him through the remaining years of his life gives this résumé of Warren's qualities: —

"First of all was his poise and self-control; he seemed always to be able to meet things in a calm and fair manner. With this poise was the other supplemental characteristic, which showed itself when the occasion called, of ability to do things with vigor and precision and with apparent confidence. These two traits were perhaps the ones which first made their influence felt in my life with him. Of course with these was the buoyant, cheerful, optimistic temperament which he always showed. I rarely ever saw him cast down, though he showed that this buoyancy was

no evidence of superficial thought or feeling. When one got into his inner experience, then one saw that back of the cheerfulness and candor and frankness and breeziness, there was sober, well-developed manhood.

"I did not see the full growth of his intellectual powers so much during the work in the Seminary, as I seemed to see it after his post-graduate course the year following. Then he went forward untrammelled by any of the pre-suppositions which many of us had in the earlier work, and his mind seemed to throw off shackles and grow by leaps and bounds. Though arriving at different conclusions from those he once held, though his theological statements were different from those he would have made earlier, there was no arrogance in their expression. Ever constructive in all his work, here, too, he sought to construct out of his former thoughts a nobler and sounder belief.

"It was the enlarging vision of life, the growing feeling of the greater brotherhood of man, combined with the native courtliness of the man, which, it seemed to me, marked him out for the peculiar work he was called to perform in China. There was no place in such work for the bigot, the recluse, the mystic, or the man bound to a hard and fast set of traditional statements. He seemed to measure up to the requirements of his post and bade fair to engrave his character and worth upon many a life in that land."

V

THE CALL TO CHINA — THE JOURNEY OUT

One April afternoon in the year 1900, three Yale Seniors, *en route* to New York to attend the Ecumenical Foreign Missionary Conference, were earnestly engaged in conversation. Their proposition — the missionary work of the University concentrated under one of the denominational Boards — was germinal but not new. These Volunteers, one of whom was Warren, then and there agreed to try later to be thus associated on the foreign field, where and how was naturally left undetermined.

The following summer, Northfield, with its unwonted emphasis on missions due to the number of eminent Ecumenical Conference speakers gathered there that season, whetted the enthusiasm of these three young men. The situation at Peking and the perils of the Boxer outbreak added to the impressiveness, the gravity, the pathos of the hour. Under the impulse of that great gathering two basal facts were wrought into Warren's mind: one, if a man has a talent for God's work at home he can find a commanding field for its exercise abroad; the other, every student must answer the question, "Why should I stay at home in this great crisis?" In his decision to

go, already made, he was splendidly reënforced by the sweeping enthusiasm of the hour. Furthermore, several men, classmates of these Yale Seniors, themselves unable to go, came to them and offered to stand behind them financially when they were ready for their fields of labor. The Yale Missionary idea had not then crystallized; it was slowly growing in the minds of a few Yale men, awaiting its full time.

Shortly after the opening of the winter term at Hartford Seminary, the subject was fully considered by Arthur C. Williams, Gilbert Lovell, and Warren in the room of the latter in Hosmer Hall. Warren had been profoundly moved by reading "Pilkington of Uganda." Might it not be well, he thought, to establish a Yale Mission in Africa, the continent which had witnessed Pilkington's glorious self-sacrifice? As time went on new light broke upon the general plan and with it new confidence that a Yale Mission would ere long be realized. The Boxer massacres, with their awful record of suffering and death, already suppressed, gave evidence of an immediate reaction in favor of greatly accelerated missionary work in China. The blood of the martyr, Pitkin, a recent graduate of Yale, brought China still nearer the hearts of her alumni. These and other considerations pointed to China as the seat of the future Yale Mission.

Seated before the old fireplace in Mr. Stokes's

THE OLD FIREPLACE IN MR. STOKES'S HOUSE

house in New Haven, February 10, 1901, Arthur C. Williams and Warren B. Seabury laid before Mr. Speer full details of the Yale plan to date. To the recital, for which they had made careful preparation, Mr. Speer gave close attention, resulting in his hearty endorsement. He saw great missionary possibilities in the scheme, and encouraged the young men to go forward and consult the officers of the American Board in relation to its expansion. Professor Beach foresaw the problem of finance, believing that if this could be firmly fixed, "no missionary board would refuse" them. Still later, Dr. Barton, Secretary of the American Board, gave it as his opinion: "The more I have thought over the plan the more it seems to me to be feasible and practicable, provided the backing at Yale is sufficient. The suggestion that China be the field chosen will no doubt command the hearty coöperation of all the officers of the Board, its Prudential Committee and the wide public. . . . It is important that so far as you go you carry everything before you. Your plan is very attractive and is worthy of every effort to make it a success."

At the memorial service for Warren, more than three years later, President Capen of the American Board said: "Early in the winter of 1901 Warren Seabury and Arthur Williams unfolded their plan to Secretary Barton, asking if the Board would affiliate in any way with such a work as they had in mind.

They expressed a desire to talk with me. Dr. Barton suggested that I point out the obstacles and difficulties before them, saying: 'I have done this and have not shaken them in their purpose; they always have an answer ready.' An appointment was made and they came to Boston for the interview. Williams was taken ill and Seabury alone unfolded to me the plan and told of his vision of the future. Of the greatness of what we believe are to be its results only the future will disclose. Fifty or a hundred years hence, with China saved to the Kingdom of God, it will be seen how great has been the work which Seabury and his colleagues inaugurated."

Then follow in rapid succession interviews with various men at the Yale end, pointing to the organization of the Mission, — President Hadley, Dean Wright, Mr. Stokes, Professors Williams, Sanders, and Reed, and others, endorsing the plan. The first prospectus of the College was drawn up in May, 1901, but was never issued. At Northfield, during the summer following, after consultation with Mr. John R. Mott and Dr. Howard Taylor of the China Inland Mission, Professor Beach, Dean Sanders, and A. C. Williams made the first draft of the constitution.[1]

[1] The genesis of the Yale Mission in China has been fully described in Dr. H. B. Wright's invaluable Memorial of John Lawrence Thurston, "A Life with a Purpose," pp. 179–203, 207–260, 263–289.

Important adjustments became necessary, finally resulting in the full equipment of the Yale Mission for work in China. Cordial affiliation with the American Board was established, giving to the Yale Mission entire freedom of action based upon its independent financial support, the wholly undenominational aspect of the Mission being clearly set forth. At this stage missionary work of a general character was contemplated, with education as a prominent feature.

During this year Warren put into writing his own conception of the character and purpose of the Yale Mission, as follows: —

"Under the inspiration of the great Ecumenical Conference in New York in the spring of 1900, the original project regarding a Yale Foreign Mission became articulate. The enthusiasm for missions which throbbed in those great gatherings in Carnegie Hall did not suppress the enthusiasm which we as Yale men felt for our own College. Surely two such mighty forces would unite. If the great burden of the church were missions, if the educated and enlightened people of Christendom were, under God, moving in invincible ranks against the forces of evil, surely the College of our choice would not do better than add its strength to the strong.

"And then we, who were planning to spend our lives in foreign service, felt that we could be more

efficient having the inspiration of men at our side, not only stirred by the same great purpose, but with the interests common to young men, to college men, yes, to Yale men. It was our conviction that our lives would be stronger with the Yale spirit on the field and the old College behind us.

"This was all very well, but it was not so easy to plan the details of support and management. In fact the constitution, as it now stands, shows but slight resemblance to its rude forerunner of two years ago. For after repeated consultations two or three of us were firmly convinced that the plan was practicable. The back room at the Graduates Club witnessed some earnest attempts to collect arguments, arrange them in logical order and present them with the most telling effect for our expected interviews with men of experience. Our own growing confidence was greatly increased by talking with Mr. Speer, Mr. Beach, Dr. Barton, Dr. Capen, Mr. Stokes, Mr. Roberts, besides many in closest sympathy with the College and with deepest faith in her support.

"And so, as wiser heads than ours have taken the plan as we outlined it in general and have developed it, as we could not have done, we are content to stand by and see the College we love take a hand in the great cause that we love and wait until we are wanted."

Lawrence Thurston joined the group of men projecting the Yale Mission after much of the prelim-

inary work had been done. But he came at the important hour when the question of the relation of the Mission to the University itself was under consideration. From that time on he was an influential factor in the counsels of the committee. He gave to the Mission his intense love of the foreign work, his rare self-dedication, his humble devotion to its highest welfare. To his painstaking research, his judicious balancing of arguments, his obedience to every token of Providential guidance is due the selection of Changsha as the city for the establishment of the Mission. To him belongs the credit of solving this most vital problem. In his death, which occurred at San Bernardino, California, May 10, 1904, this pioneer of the Yale Mission passed on to his reward. To the initial question of selecting a home for the Mission Mrs. Thurston, also, contributed of her rare good sense. Her personal consecration to the work is abundantly assured by her return to China, to the labors of her husband in the promising development of the Yale Mission College.

Lawrence Thurston received his appointment June 6, 1902. Next in order came Brownell Gage, still doing loyal and telling work at Changsha. Warren was third in the order of appointment, the date being November 3, 1902.

After his death, Mr. Speer wrote of the initial days of the Mission as follows: "I knew Warren well and

had the warmest regard for him. My recollections of him are in connection with the talks which he, Mr. Williams, and I had with reference to the founding of the Yale Mission. In the dining-room of the Graduates Club in New Haven and before the old fireplace in Mr. Stokes's house we talked over the idea of the Yale Mission, what form it should take, to what motives appeals should be made, and how the foundations of such a mission could be laid so as to be solid and permanent and to endure the strain which every foreign mission must meet and which we then little dreamed the Yale Mission would have to meet in Warren's tragic death. I remember the calm poise, the patient but solid judgment, the smiling recognition of difficulties which were in the way only to be triumphantly overcome, and the entirely simple and unself-conscious, but for those very reasons the more steadfast and all-embracing, consecration. I recall those conversations clearly and with great gratitude for the share which they gave me in Warren's life purposes and in the work of the Yale Mission."

From the day Warren received his appointment he gave himself to the business of personal preparation for his work. First came the further discipline of his mind in philosophical thinking, in ethics and philology. He made no specific study of the Chinese language, believing that should be acquired on the field itself. He bent his energies to the fullest under-

standing of China's problems, especially her problem of education. Henceforth he was to be a citizen of China, which was to him more than a vast aggregation of souls, or a stupendous geographical area in Eastern Asia. China lived in him as a synonym of personal reality and manhood.

The summer of 1904 was a very busy one. The outfit must be gathered, library, furniture, tools, pictures, clothing, ornaments; all these must be carefully packed and forwarded. The packing room of the American Board witnessed some business not exclusively its own, such is the kindly coöperation of the elder brother.

Now come the last appointments for preaching, the last visits to the homes of relatives that had become so deeply interested in the future of one whom they had known and loved from childhood, the last talks with the home circle. As he wrote to one of the Yale Committee: "It is somewhat hard to say 'good-bye,' but a man must play the game and I expect the best of good things for all those who do their duty as they see it." But the pain of saying farewell was not alluded to at home and he left with a cheery face and a resolute voice.

"All's well and I am happy! Too beautiful to be sad!" are the words he sent home two days after, September 17th, his twenty-seventh birthday.

Writing of Warren's brief visit at his house at

Lake Forest, Illinois, while on his way across the continent, Rev. Dr. J. G. K. McClure says: "I invited Warren into the pulpit with me on the Sunday morning of his visit, that I might introduce him and his special work to all the people here. Then in the evening he addressed the congregation. You must let me say that he impressed me as a *very* unusual young man. His thought is wise, his language is appropriate, his judgment is balanced, and his spirit is beautiful. I thanked God for him and all that he stands for. He left a happy and a beneficent influence here upon all, both young and old. I feel like congratulating you upon the honor and satisfaction of having such a son for such a work! May God ever bless and keep him. I can think of no higher reward for parentage than you now have."

At Denver Warren enjoyed for a day the charming hospitality of Mr. Washington McClintock. He preached for Rev. Dr. J. B. Gregg of Colorado Springs. On his arrival at San Francisco he was greeted by friends, old and new. Letters and telegrams were received by him from the church in Dedham, from the home circle, and from the Yale Mission at New Haven, all speeding him on his voyage Chinaward. Of the voyage itself and the ports visited he subsequently wrote: —

"The Gaelic sailing from San Francisco on the first day of October bore a very mixed collection of

humanity. Her officers were British but the crew were Celestials, big, strong men from Canton, which, by the way, does one of the largest export trades of any coast city, in citizens who go to many parts of the world to find a better living than in the crowded place of their birth. There were missionaries on board, constituting a majority of the passenger list, teachers going to the Philippines, globe trotters and nondescripts. The second cabin and the steerage were occupied by Chinese and Japanese. The Government had decided that they were undesirable citizens and were sending them back whence they came.

"Who can describe the little gem of tropical loveliness which lies on the bosom of the Pacific — Hawaii! Its fearless cliffs rising from the water's edge, the snowy sands and rolling waves which bring in all the greens and blues that nature knows and break in that clear light so white that one can think only of purity itself. High palms and luxuriant flowers crowding the Island with exuberance, and all bathed in the soft warm atmosphere, clean from the great sea about it and sweetened by the Island's fragrant slopes. One can forget the people he saw there, on this threshold of the East, the thrifty little Japs, Chinese laborers coming in from the country with their produce or doing the more menial work of the city, the swarthy natives and especially the women with their wrapper-like garments of the most brilliant hues; he can forget

the impression made on him by this strange motley population enjoying the summer sun in early October, but there was a beauty about the place, a brilliancy and fragrance of sunshine and sea and carpeted hillsides, which one can never forget. The scene as we steamed slowly out of the shelter of the harbor on that Saturday evening at sunset was beautiful. On the lowlands and rising with the lower flanks of the hills was a gorgeous carpeting of livid green. They told us it was the young rice. The sea had a saffron touch from the declining sun, and where it broke in splendid waves on the shore there were bright rolls of foam and flashes of green over the white sand that we could see nowhere else. Up over the city rose the hills fluted and rough beneath a thick cover of tropical trees and shrubs. There was a strange mist rising from the wet lowlands, rolling languidly up the sides of the island, looking like a golden veil in the horizontal rays of the sun."

The voyage was again broken at Yokohama, where he left the ship, taking the night train for Kyoto. In this way he caught a glimpse of the country, visited the Doshisha, and saw some Yale men whom he knew. He was fascinated with the busy, joyous life of the people, their skilful work in beaten gold, silver, and wood, their grotesque figures in bronze. He joined the steamer at Kobe, and continuing the account of his journey, he writes:—

"At last we reached our first Chinese city, Shanghai, but it was found to be strangely Western. In the Concession where all the foreigners live and where almost all the business of the place is done, the streets are wide and the buildings show the touch of a different hand from the Chinese. The streets are filled with carriages, 'rickshas, and bicycles. The driving is furious. Two men in queer livery of colored cotton robes with capes sit on the box and yell themselves hoarse at people who presume so much upon the rights of carriages as to be in the street at the same time! It is n't a beautiful place, this city of Shanghai, but missionaries and others going into the interior stop and lay in a stock of those things which no other city in this part of China can furnish. And you can get almost everything you want there, but it is far from the quality you find in New York and usually bears a higher price.

"One week we spent in such shopping, in which time I also found a chance to see something of what is being done in the matter of education. There are many schools in the city and its suburbs, schools which send their graduates all over the country as teachers and interpreters. English is a very lucrative accomplishment at present, which explains how it is that all institutions which offer courses in the subject find no trouble in filling up their quota. But the complaint is that many come simply for this acquirement,

caring nothing for Christianity or true scholarship, but staying only so long as it is necessary to get a little of the language and then taking up with an offer in a business firm or some other activity where a very fair salary can be earned."

VI

THE WINTER AT HANKOW

During his brief stay at Shanghai Warren went out to see St. John's College, which he afterwards praised in generous terms; at some future time may Yale have as good a plant, a school as well equipped.

Mr. Harlan P. Beach writes, December 7, 1904: "I received a letter from Warren written at Shanghai. I can hardly think of a better prophecy for a successful future in that Empire than his thoughtful discussion of what he had already noted in that city and its suburbs. If all our men are as observant and wise as he and Gage I think the Yale Mission need never have any fear about strong leadership in the educational field. Some things which Warren says, on the basis of the most enlightened section of China, have no special relation to present conditions in a Province which has for decades been the most anti-foreign one in the Empire; but the same spirit which has made him grasp so strongly conditions in one part of China, will enable him equally well to grapple with the different problems in the far interior."

It is an affecting episode that while he was at St. John's College Warren formed the acquaintance of

Arthur S. Mann, who three years later gave up his life in a noble struggle to save him.

From this time on the story of his life must be, mainly, the transcript of his own impressions, the work he is doing, the lessons he is learning. Now that he is really in China the history must unfold with his own pen as our guide:—

> "History is half-dream, — aye, even
> The man's life in the letters of the man."

On the way up the great Yangtse River he writes: "We are on a river-boat running up to Hankow. I used to wonder when I looked at a map of China, what the country is like. Now I see. Along the banks the land is very low and rather measly. Back from the shore there are mountains, but no trees on the mountains, which are yet green with some kind of underbrush. We are sometimes very near the bank and again out in the middle of the stream, which varies from two to nine miles in width and is the color of Postum coffee. Where the land rises a little you often see clusters of houses of a dirty brown color, built mostly of mud and reeds with thatched roofs, one story in height. Around the door-step are seen black pigs and white goats. Here you see great water buffalo with which the people do their plowing; they are of a mouse color. All along these flats there is a growth of reeds, twelve or more feet in height, and the Chinese are, at this season of the year, cutting them

down, binding them into bundles, and taking them off to market. The tops go to waste or are used for thatching. The captain was telling me this morning about the game of this region. Pheasant Island, which we were passing, contained plenty of the birds for which it was named, he said; also, duck and deer. There are no game laws here and the animals and birds are more often snared than shot. This morning we saw four or five men in a boat driving before them a flock of tame ducks which were swimming in close order, innocently making their way to market. A man in the bow with a long whip in his hand kept them together as easily as if he were driving sheep on shore. Every now and then you see on the edge of the bank a big net stretched by means of poles so as to form a great square, caught at the corners. By means of a lever and a rope the whole net is lowered into the water and raised again. A man in front of a little straw hut every now and then pulls up the net hopefully, but usually without result; and yet all day the patient fisherman, at short intervals, peeps at it and, with such poor little things as shiners only a few inches long, finds his reward. Now and then we strike broad flats which are being cultivated for rice and cotton, but the land as a whole has rather a poor look. It is comfortable sitting on deck without a coat."

Hankow is the greatest inland port in the world;

it has a population of a million souls. Located on the Yangtse, at the confluence of that river with the Han, it commands the commerce of a vast range of territory, the most fertile and the richest provinces of China. A writer has said: "Absolutely uninteresting in its physical features, built on a vast plain, the greater part of which, lying only a few feet above the level of the river, is submerged for many miles during the annual floods, it owes its importance solely to its vast trade and the energy of its inhabitants. Its shops and warehouses are exceptionally large, handsome and numerous; its merchants are princes; its various provincial and trade guilds are enormously wealthy and have great influence." On his fourth day from Shanghai, Warren reached the great city, from which he writes his first home letter after the journey: "At last we are in Hankow, where we can settle down and draw a full breath. The trip up the river was delightful. I felt as if we had a private yacht and had all the world to ourselves. It was roomy and clean. The air and food were good. On the steamer I was always hungry and always found a delightful provision for my wants. Here in China, at least so far, things are what I like. I could ask for no better. Imagine Hankow, as you come up the river, strung along the bank for several miles. A high stone wall runs from her water mark up to the level of 'The Bund,' which in these cities of the East is a broad boulevard extending

along the water front, with trees and seats it may be, bordered on the land side with business houses and offices and open to the water on the other. This is a part of the foreign Concession. As soon as our ship came up to the 'hulk,' a ship anchored permanently out in deep water and connected with the land by a movable bridge, the Chinese from shore began to pour into our ship and those on board began to push their way out." Upon landing he made his way to the house where he was to stay: "The streets of the foreign Concession are broad, often shaded with trees and having sidewalks, at least on one side of the street. High whitish walls of stucco run all along in front of the houses and you enter through gateways. More privacy and safety are thus secured. Our house is a two-story affair, but each story is very high, the rooms being two and a half times as high as the door. All the rooms open out on to a veranda, both on the lower and upper floors. One roof covers the whole and the front supports of the veranda are of the same material as the house itself — pillars of heavy stucco, so that you might speak of two walls, one mostly openings under the line of the edge of the roof and the other six or eight feet back, the house-wall proper. The windows opening out on to these verandas are all tall doors. The house is owned by some tea merchants, who are here in the summer and have built accordingly, i. e. the rooms are extra large. This feature

adds a coldness and sombreness to the appearance. As you enter the front door you find yourself in a hall running through to the rear. On the right and at the front is my study. It was used by the merchants as an office, a huge spacious apartment, about seven paces square and almost cubical in shape. My sleeping room is the one over this and big enough for our whole family. And O! joy of joys! my boxes have come."

Warren settled down at Hankow for a good winter's work. He was associated in his social and student life with his friend, Brownell Gage, who, with Mrs. Gage, made a pleasant home for him. His letters during that busy winter were full of good cheer, abounding in descriptions of the ways and characteristics of the Chinese and in innumerable pleasantries suggested by the new world into which he had come: "I have been in the country two weeks and, think of it, I have n't learned the language yet." Warren's buoyancy, however, did not obscure his sense of the colossal proportions of the task to which he gave himself unremittingly. His ideal was a high one, but instructions from "the Home Office" lifted that standard still higher: "You must be finished scholars in the Chinese language. We want our teachers to be so thoroughly conversant with it, even though it takes years of study, that if necessary you could be used in diplomatic matters and in places where only a scholar

could hold positions of confidence and trust. We have very high standards in everything for this Mission and we are going to maintain them at any cost." "That sounds like business," writes Warren: "It means work for us and sent us back to the hen-scratches with renewed vigor. My teacher usually arrives at ten — or so. Like the rest of his race, he has no idea of promptness, but saunters in any time about the middle of the morning; then we begin to study. We open our books to the lesson; he notes the Chinese character and gives the pronunciation; I repeat it after him again and again, until it seems fairly well imbedded in my mind. Not only must I get the right combination of letters, but there are five distinct tones in the Hankow dialect and if I do not get the right one, the pronunciation is inaccurate. This failure to get the all-important tone is what often makes the missionary an object of ridicule. Then I write the word down in English, properly representing the Chinese sound by the use of our letters. For example, the teacher pronounces what is represented by a Chinese character and I write 'sen,' which is the proper pronunciation, and the tone, tone number one, or the high, steady tone. Then I combine words into sentences, or practise sounds, using the same word in five tones. He puts the character on pieces of paper, which I study, and so on. Every morning my teacher has tea brought to him by 'the boy,'

simply hot water poured over the leaves, and he drinks away, often out of the nozzle of the little teapot." In a letter to Professor Reed, while at Hankow, Warren writes: "It sometimes becomes tiring to grub away at this interminable language, but I am glad you expect so much of us. It will keep us hard at work in the recognition of the work we are bound to do. It is patience which we need in the acquisition of this reasonless, armless, footless, bottomless, endless language. One can't do much of anything out here in a hurry (unless it be to get sick) and first in the list of these impossibilities stands the language. We are hard at work and will remain as hard at it as we can consistently with the demands of health and efficiency." In one of his letters home he humorously writes: "Yesterday, after six hours' work on the language, I felt as if I never wanted to see another Chinese character. They all seemed like so many chocolate creams left out in the rain."

The initial stage of a foreigner's life in China is spent in becoming acclimatized to his strange surroundings. Warren fully realized he was living in a new world, one which had to be learned, a world of swarming multitudes, of strange anomalies, of perplexing contradictions: —

"The way these people dress in winter is simple but effective; they put on more clothes. The richer ones have fur-lined garments, and the very wealthy

have the most beautiful and expensive robes, but the common people simply put on more layers. My teacher told me to-day that he had on eight layers. Little children look almost spherical and when they fall down are sometimes unable to get up again. Many of the men who are out a good deal wear woolen caps, often lined with fur, which can be pulled down over the face and ears; others wear cloth hoods. The sleeves of the Chinese clothes are very long. They are often turned over when it is warm or they are in the way, but in winter they are very convenient. The hands are clasped and they are both covered. A little blowing down one sleeve will warm things up a good deal. Still some of the coolies look very chill and miserable on the cold days. Below the waist the poorer ones seem to have but one thickness of clothing and the legs are usually bare below the knee. The upper garments are patched and worn and often hang loosely and feebly around the man who appears to be bluer than the bluest of the various shades of blue worn by the shiverer. The old nurse, Amah, whom Mrs. Gage has for her baby, is a treasure. It is funny to see her stumping around the house. She has small feet and, like most of the women, her ankles are stiff. Then she wears pantaloons, very loose and big, which terminate some inches above the ground. Over this she wears a garment reaching from the neck to the knee or a little above, like a

cloak, only very loose and with very loose sleeves. You see women walking along the street with the sleeves of their outer garments so long that their hands are completely covered from view. They usually stick their arms out to the side rigidly and they look like stumps. I suppose it helps them to walk to thus use their arms, swinging them stiffly back and forth. The hair is done up in the back and ornaments are stuck through. When it is cold they have little strips of velvet ornamented with gold and silver-colored trifles, which are passed once around the forehead, the ends being somehow fastened in the back pug; the top and back of the head are protected by the hair."

Of a common experience he writes: "This afternoon I have had my first ride in a Sedan chair on the shoulders of men. This afternoon one of the Wesleyan missionaries wanted Gage and me to go to their compound, which is in the heart of the native city, and attend a 'covenant meeting,' as well as meet some of the Hunan missionaries of their mission. It is a long way and there was not much time, so we decided to go in these chairs. They are like little coops, closed on three sides and open at the front. Here you hang a screen or you can pull down a flap and hide yourself from sight and weather. The little box is hung between two poles and is carried on the shoulders of men. Three men usually go with each

chair, two always bearing and one resting. Through the crowded street we went at a very fast walk. It would be almost impossible to keep up with these men without running, and they have to be calling out all the time in order to make room for themselves. Even then we hit against people and narrowly escape others all the time. Men and women in the street have to learn the art of stepping aside enough to let you pass and no further, at least they seem averse to doing anything more. We found ourselves in an ordinary Chinese street, as narrow and as dirty as usual. Filthy mud, stagnant water and waste material all about. Right out in the street (which might better be called a lane or alley) we saw a man lying; he seemed to be living right there. Under him was a torn mattress of straw and around him were the remnants of food. There he crouched in a very uncomfortable attitude, nodding half-conscious over a dirty bowl. He looked sick; he might have been dying, but no one paid any attention to him. There is so much suffering and so much evil in China that people, even foreigners, get accustomed to it. On the one hand the natives do not show much of any pity for the sufferers, and on the other the sufferers do not feel that they are singled out and especially deserving. We were making for a hill that runs through the centre of Hanyang. There are no dwellings on the hill as the people fear the dragon un-

derneath, but strangely enough there are some government barracks there: and there is almost always a temple. We passed through a swampy place on a walk which was built up above the level of the water and mud, and approached a tea-house."

Of the weather in Hankow: "I understand now the words that I used to employ when people asked me what the weather was like here and I said, 'Very damp and penetrating in winter. In summer —' but of that in season! But all these days it has been most unpleasant weather. The thermometer has not been so very low, but there is something in the atmosphere which bores right into one. The air outside is heavy and damp; inside it is not much better. There has hardly been a room, during the cold snap, where you could not see your breath plainly. The walls and windows and floors are poorly made and do not keep the cold out as they should. The result is that in spite of open fires, which we have in almost all the rooms, and of my oil-stove, which is working overtime, the house is cold. I held out the first part of the winter pretty well, but have given in, from one grade of clothing to another, until now I am clad in the heaviest underclothing which I could find among my things and am wearing good flannel pajamas for the first time in my life. Of course the people suffer a great deal this weather. You see 'ricksha men, and other coolies, splashing through snow and slush with

bare feet. Others bind straw and bits of burlap around their feet and take to the other parts of the body all the clothes which they can borrow, buy, or steal. The Chinese houses are of course very cold and the people simply get all they can out of their good things by putting on all their clothes and wearing them right along, until the cold snap lets up and the need is less. I think that the food they eat is not as good for them as that which we eat, as far as warming the system is concerned."

Warren had great admiration for the physical energy of the Chinese, their industry, their devotion to those whom they serve, their marvellous patience and endurance of the inevitable, their desire to learn. He alludes from time to time to the sturdiness of their characters. At the same time his eyes were not shut to their sudden loss of temper, their vindictiveness, their apparent want of sympathy with suffering man and beast.

During that winter in Hankow, Warren sought good cheer in the companionship of others. His letters show unmistakably that separation from home, in a land so far off and so strange in customs and ways of living, was keenly felt by him. He was the last to admit homesickness, but he was the first to allow that he at times longed for an evening with the family.

Among those whom he met at Hankow during that winter was Rev. Arthur M. Sherman, of the American

Church Mission. After Mr. Sherman had left the mission-field for a visit to his home in New Jersey, Warren wrote him:—

"We are building lives, we are cultivating characters, which are eternal; we are 'holding property rights in human souls.' So all of this friendship, the commerce of good ideas, the interchange of appreciation and affection is well worth while. It helps him who gives and him who receives, for it makes moral fibre and endures forever. . . . To live in the appreciation of good and of its constant exercise is beginning the life eternal here and now, for we are putting into ourselves and others what makes for eternity, viz. the Good. It is said the judgments of time are inflexibly moral; the evil is requited if time is given her way; nothing evil will endure forever. Only the good has a claim on the reaches of time, only thus can we ally ourselves inseparably with the march of men to 'God, Who is our Home.' It is only cowardly for some of us, when we look ahead and allow a feeling of concern to come over us. It will be for the best! I have been wonderfully guided and directed. Will HE desert me now? All my experience says 'No,' but there is always a Voice of authority within, sometimes louder than the Mind's or the Will's. Let us be thankful for the past, happy in the present, calm in the promise of the future. Let us see if we cannot be, you and I. I will not give

you a lot of messages to my friends at home. Tell them just how I am and that I love them all right well — better than ever. 'Out of sight, out of mind' was a lonely man's remark, — or a pessimist's. I do not subscribe to it. And now, another farewell. With you go our best wishes; our prayers will follow you on your journey. But my thoughts of you will be persistently running away to a friend whom I have come to love."

After the great shock of Warren's sudden death, Mr. Sherman's letter, with its sad recital of detail, was the first to reach the stricken home. He writes: —

"I thank God that I could call him — *Friend.* I love to think of dear Warren's splendid gifts and training put to splendid use in the new sphere of the larger life upon which he has so recently entered. . . . His buoyancy, his enthusiasm, his earnestness of purpose, his kindness, were contagious. Being with Warren was like marching to music, it made the march so much easier. He gave a spring to one. We might call it a strengthening — an uplift; it is a quality hard to define, but I know it was a wonderful and glorious thing. With it all there was that remarkable companionableness about him. He was such an inspiring friend! During that winter in Hankow, in long walks and talks together, there came from him to me a stimulus which was invaluable. I especially felt this in my preaching; he was helping me to make

it stronger, clearer, more simple. His own mind was so clear that it helped me to think clearly. His thought was so strong that, after being with him, stimulated by his thought, clarified by his simplicity, it was easy to get to work on a sermon. Times with him were like times spent with the best books. I came away to *do* things. It was far better than books, for there was added the powerful element of personality. He had every qualification for a successful missionary, — spiritual power, adaptability, a talent for study and acquiring a difficult language, ripeness of judgment, the gift of drawing both Chinese and foreigners to himself by strong ties of respect, admiration, affection, by his ardor, courage, and humor. This last is not least. How many an hour it has lightened!"

While a missionary in China the noble Griffith John cast longing eyes into Hunan, prophesying that some time that great Province would welcome Christianity. In 1891 he wrote from his home in Hankow: "I believe that Hunan is to be opened and that I shall be in Changsha before I die." Two years later he received into his church ten Hunanese: — "and there are some fine fellows among them." During that year four of his own converts were in Changsha, sending back to Hankow encouraging accounts of the outlook for Christianity there. In the spring of 1901 Dr. John grew restive under the delay to send out

recruits for the field so ready for the harvester: "Again I do entreat you to send us men for Hunan. . . . Changsha must be occupied at once." During the early part of 1905 Warren called upon this optimistic patriarch and found him as earnest as ever to see Changsha provided with proper missionary forces, and in full sympathy with the spirit of the work Yale men were planning to do in that city. Warren describes in one of his letters of this period a great meeting which Dr. John addressed with his well-known intensity, and how he appealed to young men to spare no pains to acquire the language: "He said he believed that we would live to see the time when not only education would have a firm hold upon the people of Hunan, but when English would be spoken by the officials and those of the common people who came into contact with the foreigner. The native press is awaking and instead of taking the hostile and rabid tone which the Hunan papers took previous to the Boxer trouble, they are not only progressive but even tolerant. One of these papers, speaking of the fear which some of the natives entertain, that the introduction of the religion of the West would destroy the Chinese ideals of filial piety and patriotism, said recently: 'He that believes in Jesus and is not patriotic is not true to Jesus.' 'The pulpit and the school are to become great forces as the old country opens its eyes and sees

the light of day coming over the hills of T'ang. China is waking up hungry.'" These words of Dr. John's were spoken at a meeting during the Week of Prayer; his hopes were about to be realized. The time had arrived for a forward movement into Hunan; the Yale Executive Committee urged it and the two men at the front favored it. It was decided that Warren should go up to Changsha in advance of Gage, reconnoitre and make a beginning.

Warren was at this time quite up to his usual standard of good health and good cheer. He writes to a friend: "Think of me as busy and happy. It is a good old world for one who is willing to work and hungry to make friends. Could any better world be constructed for one who wanted to do good, than this one in which we live? Every act we perform with the best we have in it unfits us for the old life. We enter the higher country which is better and whence the lowland looks lower than ever before, every time we rise. It is one of the privileges of my life to have gone out from America with a company of very faithful friends who will stand back of me and be true to me."

To the home circle he writes: "Have I referred to the fact I am very well? My friends are disposed to make fun of me and Sherman had the effrontery to call me 'fat,' and, worse still, 'pudgy.' I wish you

would speak to him about it when he comes to see you! It is n't right!! But I think I am correct in saying I never felt better in my life. I know I am right in saying I never weighed so much in my life. Unless the Hankow scales are wrong, I weigh in the neighborhood of 157 pounds, which is pretty good for a half-fed, overworked, under-slept missionary! But I am saying very little, for I know that the tropical summer is approaching and that the strongest of men feel the strain of such days. I am trying to keep as well as I can be and hope to make it last as long as I can. And who knows but that I shall be better here in China than I would have been had I remained at home."

In the same letter, with all the hope of a great work before him, joyous and yet reflective, he writes: "Surely through all the years I have been wonderfully led and prepared for this work and you rejoice with me in my growing joy. I could not feel it so much at home, for there was much between and very much unseen which caused me to hesitate. I tried to be satisfied with the present and not set so much by the future. This led me to appear even unhappy, but I think it was only trying to be perfectly honest and clear-sighted in the thing. I did not feel sure enough of myself, and the work, and the place, and the people, to be on the qui vive all the time. But I was led to poke along and here I am, glad that I kept

at it and that so large a work is before me. Pray, as I do, that I may have the strength to take it up as I should and not prove a disappointment to those who look to me to do my part."

VII

CHANGSHA — THE YEAR OF BEGINNINGS

On the east bank of the Hsiang River, two hundred miles south of Hankow, lies the walled city of Changsha. The Province of Hunan, of which it is the chief city, has an area nearly twice the size of New York state, with a population of nearly 21,000,000. It is connected with Hankow by river service, but the day is not far distant when, by the completion of the railway, it will be possible to reach that city in five hours, Canton in eight, Peking in twenty-four. Changsha has a population of 192,000. It is the centre of a Province regarded as the most intelligent in the Empire, a larger number of officials for government service coming from this than from any other province. The anti-foreign spirit has always been intense in this inland, exclusive region, refusing all alliance with the non-Chinese world. The awakening of China has reached Hunan and gradually she is swinging into line with the rest of the Empire in commercial, social, industrial, and educational advancement.

The various missionary societies in Hunan, feeling that there should be an unsectarian college in its chief city, invited the Yale Mission to locate there. This

should be an institution of a popular character, should establish and work out the problem of higher education, "in science, art and medicine," and consider "the question of theological education," also. Those sending this broad and somewhat awing invitation heartily welcomed "the prospect of having University Extension and special work for the literati carried on in Hunan." No suggestion was made in this formal letter of invitation as to the amount of time required for the development of these ideals.

In accepting the invitation the Yale Missionary Society declared its purpose: (1) To furnish a company of missionaries who are strongly and sincerely Christian as well as men technically fitted for educational work; (2) To assist China in her great need by raising up through such an institution a body of native students acquainted with the truths, and accepting the spirit, of Christianity; by training these men as effectively as possible in scientific and advanced studies to become leaders in their own country; and by reproducing in the Far East the wholesome moral and social influences of an American college community; (3) To coöperate with the missionaries of other societies in unifying and making effective the Christian schools of the Province so that they may be of the highest service to the church and may become an object lesson to the government schools in the country.

On the 15th of February, 1905, Warren left Hankow, *en route* for "the promised land." There was much hurry and confusion, delay and dickering over the question of rates and accommodations, before he got fairly started. He was too early in the season for the regular Changsha boats and was compelled to put up with a second-class steamer, if worthy of the name, which in his amusing way he designates, "The noble Queen of the River, 'T'son Pau.'" It was a long, clumsy, flat-bottomed affair, with narrow passageways: "So here I am, the only foreigner on the ship, writing on my typewriter to the great interest of a constantly shifting but always gazing public. I never was such a popular writer as I am at this moment. Both the windows on the port side are full of Chinese heads, eyes watching with wonderment this novel proceeding. There is no danger of violence and the only fear is that, if I do not watch constantly, they will quietly appropriate some little thing which lies close at hand. My boy is a treasure; he is unspoiled, that is, he does not know all the tricks of stealing your butter and selling it, attaching small ornaments and coins; spending all the time he can in unadulterated laziness, or in total absence from the premises. He was on the boat nearly all the time yesterday at Hankow and, so far as I know, had nothing to eat until eight o'clock in the evening. He not only would not touch anything until I had partaken,

but had even brought three loaves of bread and had almost forced me to take two of them. If he continues as well as he has begun and seems as willing and as industrious in a couple of months as he does now (when there is nothing to do) he will be a fine boy and I shall hold on to him, trying not to spoil him, which is very easy out here."

The journey of two days up the Yangtse, across the eastern portion of Tung-ting Lake and up the Hsiang River brought him to his long-looked-for haven.

CHANGSHA at last, Feb. 19, 1905.

"Here I am in the city about which we have thought and talked so much ever since the Yale people decided that the Mission should be established here. The circumstances of my arrival were not of the pleasantest nature and, as I look back over the last three days, the scenes which come up before my mind are not altogether the most engaging. And yet I did not seem to mind the trip so much while I was *en route*. I became restless in such small quarters and grew very weary of the faces which could not be avoided but seemed to be omnipresent. At last we neared the city for which I had been straining my eyes all the afternoon. On the right of the river there was a mountain and one or two smaller hills indistinctly visible through clouds of moisture. Nearer to us on the same side there was a long island inhabited by a few people in

mud huts. On the left was the city straggling up over a slowly rising hill. Nothing very distinct about the landscape, partly because of the veil of mist and fine rain, and partly because there seemed to be nothing bright in color to relieve the dirty brown of mud houses and walls. There were many Chinese boats close together with their bows run up on to the bank of the river. As we approached, the shore became alive with men putting out in their 'sampans' (native boats) to convey passengers ashore. I left my boy to guard my things while I went ashore with the Customs officer who had come on board. And so I got my first view of the interior of the city where I expect to spend so much of my life hereafter. It was a miry and disagreeable day, but even under such untoward circumstances the prospect was far from discouraging to the newcomer.

"We were told by Mr. Beach that the streets are wide, and so they are. Not noticeably like Commonwealth Avenue, to be sure, but nevertheless straight and regular, more evenly and carefully paved, more open above with fewer of those upper stories that jut out and shut out the light. And the stores have a more distinguished appearance, as if the people are well-to-do and have more self-respect than those in the more foreign places. In front of many of the stores there are little balconies raised a foot or so above the level of the street on which the proprietor

and his friends can watch the passers-by. Strangely enough the people and the shops which I saw reminded me more of pictures of Chinatown at the World's Fair than of other parts of China which I have seen. I think that this is because this city is more Chinese, more typical of the people and more illustrative of the better and cleaner life than Hankow or Shanghai. This is a bit early to be making such general statements, but these are the impressions made upon me as I see the place for the first time. Yesterday was the fifteenth of the first Chinese month, which marks the end of the New Year proper. There were fireworks and fire-crackers galore all along the shore and in the house-boats, where whole families and their many relatives live the year round. The expense of real estate is thus debarred from their accounts."

A week later he writes: "I have been more and more impressed these days with the appearance of these people, and their dwellings and their mode of living, so far as I have been able to observe it. The streets are not clean in this weather; it would not be China if they were. Over the stone flagging of the streets there is a wash of black mud all the time. But they are wider, more substantial, and freer from dirt than those in Hankow. The people also seem superior. They are, as a rule, better looking, healthier, happier than those in the lower cities. They are more

robust and you see fewer of the horrible beggars. There is more self-respect and independence reflected in the faces of the people you meet; an air of prosperity, an impression of solidity and strength. You find here neither that grovelling servility, nor ill-concealed dislike which is often observed in the lower cities. There are very rich families here, quite independent of all the foreigner can bring and they are not loath to show it. . . . I have been struck with the faces of some of the commonest laborers on the street; they appear happy and self-respecting."

To acquire a piece of land for the new Yale was regarded from the outset a most desirable end to be gained. It would give to the enterprise a visible form and produce the impression that the Yale men who were seen on the street and met in a social way were in Changsha for a distinct purpose, and this purpose was always foremost in Warren's mind. Into every reasonable endeavor to secure this coveted prize he entered with all his heart. It suited one of his noticeable characteristics, his love of acquisition. There was in him an active and aggressive energy, directed towards the accomplishment of visible ends. He always hoped to realize the material, the palpable, the adequate, the purposeful. He had a vast deal of push for others, little "pull" for himself. The estimate of his administrative ability, as expressed to a friend before leaving home, was in a measure justi-

fied on the field: "I shall not be a great educator nor a profound student. If I am not mistaken I shall be of use in the political and other relations of the college as I come into contact with various classes of men."

As he came up the Hsiang on that gloomy morning in February, he looked to right and left to see if there was not some site suitable for the college buildings. He knew well the difficulties in the way; yet he cherished the confident belief that this cardinal end might be gained early in his work. In company with one or more of the Yale force, he made many an excursion into the country around Changsha. There was always a leading question in his mind: "Will this site allow a campus?" His letters invariably refer to some new locality visited, or some new obstacle raised. Certain spots became very familiar to his home friends, as "the Red Hill," and "the Soldiers' Camp."

"Never before in my life," he writes, "have I thought that in any way I could sympathize with Christopher Columbus! But the experiences of the last few weeks, during which I have been faithfully 'looking for land,' have given me a sense of comradeship with the man! Finding land in China, which shall be suitable for a young Yale, is no easy matter. These people are the most economical folk in the world; nothing goes to waste. The multiplication of

industries and the division of labor, which you see here, force upon you the seriousness of life. The struggle for existence is a bitter one, indeed. The land, the cultivation of which stands at the basis of life, shows the effect of this struggle. The low lands are covered with rice swamps, and terraces run up the valleys until they come just below the level of some small pond, the water from which flows from one field to the next and makes them all irregular plots of mud, with the rice plants under the surface. The low hills are inhabited by the dead. Some of the low hills, out to the east of the city, are simply peppered with mounds and stones. The higher land is usually too steep for good building sites, and almost every lot has one or more of the omnipresent graves. These resting-places of the dead have a religious significance, and to buy a piece of property and build, regardless of the fact that you are on a grave-yard, is to act in violence to the religious sensibilities of the people and to invite trouble. The reason why the higher land is not so thickly populated is that each grave must be well placed, the 'wind and water' of the location must be such as to insure the dead against all disturbance from these elements. Hills are too much exposed to insure peace and comfort. Yet we have found that it is always impossible to find a piece of property which has not its share of graves, and it is our final conclusion that we must

go ahead and get our land and then reckon the cost of handling these previous occupants.

"The theory of land ownership in China is that all land belongs to the Government. Any man may go and settle down on a piece of property which is put at his disposal by the Government as a loan. When he wishes to leave this holding he asks a money consideration from another man who wants to live there, covering the improvements which he has made. But at any time the Government can take for its own uses any land which it likes. A case in point happened not long ago, when a space a mile square was cleared right out of the heart of a thickly populated city, not far from here, for a palace. The hills and mountains have not been so much in favor with the natives as they are not adapted to rice culture, the main product in this part of China. So it is that the larger eminences are held by the Government. When it comes to obtaining a piece of land and indications point to its being in the hands of private parties, it is important to find out very quietly who the owners are and what they think about sale. It is of the utmost importance to keep dark the intelligence that foreigners are interested. Some of the Chinese will not sell to foreigners and they are all given over to the policy of squeezing all they can out of him. The owners of the property tell the middle-man (as the agent is called) what price is wanted, whereupon

SEABURY AND GAGE STARTING ON ONE OF THEIR QUESTS FOR LAND

you authorize him to offer in return about a tenth of the exorbitant figure named. Slowly the other parties come down and you gradually go up until a compromise is made, but your identity is not revealed until the whole is settled and the money on the point of being paid. Even then the Chinese sometimes will go back on their word, when they find that a foreigner wants to buy and is about to have his want met.

"If it is land belonging to the Government, it is often possible to get it at a cheaper figure. But there are the graves. In some places it is possible to arrange with the officials to have the graves removed at so much per head. The money is paid to them and they arrange with the various parties interested; many exhibit a most surprising and zealous interest at this moment! When it is a piece of private land, arrangements in regard to graves must be made with the owners and families directly.

"On this side of the city to the South where the land rises to some bluffs close to the water, on the islands opposite the city and along the other side, I have roamed in search of possible places for our future home. There are not many good sites, for the land is either too flat and low, or it rises up too abruptly into little rounded hills which do not offer enough room for such a plant as we want to put up."

Warren estimated that during the first month he was in Changsha he travelled over one hundred miles in search of land: "One gets up on the big mountain opposite the city and looks out to see other mountains in every direction, fading away into dimness on the sky-line. Most of them are not higher than the lower eminences of the White Mountains, say Cannon Mountain, but they are almost all of them smooth in appearance, arising from the fact that there are not many trees on them and the natives go over them and pick up every stick and even cut down the dry grass for fuel. Trees are protected by their owners when they do not need them for building or burning. But there is a fine mountain with tall trees on its side opposite, which is sacred and so ensured against axe or sickle."

Upon his arrival at Changsha Warren made his home with Mr. and Mrs. Gotteberg, of the Norwegian Mission, whose whole-souled hospitality won his heart. That he might not be a burden to them he subsequently began housekeeping on his own account:—

"To-morrow I set up for myself. For a week I have been buying pots and kettles, fuel and food, and still my 'boy' says I have n't sufficient. I never before took any interest in this department of the world's industry. Now alas! I must buy brooms, wood and coal, send the boy after chickens, which he

brings home alive, tied together with a string and left to hop about until he wants them. I must put down in my book all these pennies which I so domestically spend. It is not romantic and you do not think of yourself in the light of a hero, when you are counting the sticks of wood which you bought at seven cash (¾ of a cent) per stick. My little boy is tremendously in earnest and his eyes shine with delight at the prospect of running a kitchen.

"My supper of curry and rice, cocoa, bread and butter, marmalade, prunes, and cake, being finished, I have come into this room where I live most of the time, and, stretching myself out in my Morris chair, read the 'Outlook.' Not such a picture of hardship and sacrifice, is it? Last night I went out to dinner and wore a Tuxedo; think of doing such an impious thing! A missionary having good clothes and having the immodesty to wear them out to a dinner, whereat he forgets the seriousness of life and puts away good food! I am afraid that you are ashamed of me. Don't let this get into the printed columns of 'Life and Light for Woman,' or that yellow journal, 'The Dayspring,' which we used to pore over on Sunday afternoons. But I was about to say that I came home to my bachelor quarters and sat down before the open fire, feeling very much like one of these young Englishmen you read about in books, Sir Peanut Brittle, R. A., or Mr. Remington Typewriter, M. P. For my

boy came in and pulled out my slippers from under the bed and tried to look intelligent while I put them on, as he had nothing else to do at the time. And you would laugh to see me eat. I am taking my meals in a little room next to this, whither the boy brings all the food from the kitchen. He is very proud of his culinary skill and is very much delighted when I like the cuisine. But yesterday, the first day in this pilgrimage across the deserts of housekeeping, we had soup; it was a curiosity. There was milk in it and tapioca, also, and what else I know not. This morning, after indulging in an orange, some oatmeal, part of the hen which I bored into and excavated a little yesterday, and some coffee, he pressed me to indulge in some of his tapioca pudding, but although I come from the group of states where they are reported to have pie for breakfast, I gently but firmly refused. But the fellow is doing well and is working so hard that to-day he told me he had no time for his breakfast. I hope he does n't work so hard that I lose mine in the mêlée."

Early in March he was invited by the Changsha Board of Education to teach English in a large native school. He looked at the matter from a practical point of view, considering well its bearing on the work of the future, the impression he might make on the gentry and on the broad-minded men interested in all the good things the people are interested in.

He wished the leader of the school to understand that he was not one whose time could be easily given to this outside work and a good compensation would be expected. He stipulated that he should not teach the rudiments of the language, as he says: "It will give us the respect of the teachers and scholars to know that I am not a cheap man, and later, when we open our own school, there will be a healthy respect for the foreign teacher who helped the native school for a few months and was well paid for his time."

A fortnight later he writes of his new position: "I have had my first experience in teaching in China. My professional career has commenced and that too in a Chinese school. I am to go two mornings a week and stay two hours with ten minutes' intermission between sessions. The authorities of 'The Bright Virtue School' sent a chair for me last Friday morning. Here in Changsha these chairs are usually borne by three men, one in front between parallel poles, one in the rear, and one close up to the little covered box in which you sit; the weight comes directly on the shoulders of the men. Through the city we went in the rain, the coolies wearing big bamboo hats covered with oiled paper. People in the way are informed of our approach by constant calling from the bearers. It is a much safer method of transportation than are our faster means at home, such as the automobile. No danger of being run over; no need of

policemen at the crossings. In and out we wend our way, trying to keep the middle of the street as much as possible, but often stopping to avoid collisions. When near the North Gate the men suddenly turned to the left down a narrow alley with one-story white-fronted houses close to you on either side. Through this alley we wound for a few minutes until there was a little open space and we saw an artificial pond on the left. We went up a few steps and the chair was lowered in a covered gate-house. His scrubbiness, the dean of the institution, appeared and ushered me along an open passageway (open on both sides and roofed in) to a little room more thinly and temporarily constructed than our Camp Asquam buildings, where there was a small dining-room table and a few tea-cups. He was surprised to hear that I could speak a little of his language, upon which he complimented me, I of course politely insisting that my knowledge was very limited (which, by the way, is true). Soon a couple of young teachers came in who speak English and I soon went to my class-room. Meanwhile it was very unpleasant to glance up and see boys looking in at the window, to discover what the foreigner looked like. I don't believe that there is anything like what we call discipline, promptness, or order in the school. My recitation began about half an hour late and I found that the time which they were following in a general way was that much behind mine and the

right time. At once rid your minds of pictures which rise to view when the word 'school' is used. Don't think of Harvard or of Yale. Don't think of the Dedham High. Remember that the people in this Province all live on the ground floor. And the school buildings are all as near the lap of the old lady as they can get. Most of the rooms have nothing between your feet and the ground but a layer of cement or beaten clay. So in passing from room to room you go, not up in the elevator or down the winding stairs, but first of all you go out-of-doors and then you pass along under this covered corridor until you come around to your destination. It is all more or less out-of-doors, for there is no heat in the rooms, the walls are very thin, some with poorly constructed glass windows, but mostly fret-work covered with paper. The light comes in fairly well, and the wind is not outdone. When it is raining outside (has been for weeks and bids fair to keep bravely up for weeks to come) these rooms with the earth floors do not remind one of those hot front parlors in small houses where the minister calls, with the perspiration running down his neck and forcing him 'to move on to the next,' sooner than he had planned. These boys whom I am to teach have had two years of English, but are not very proficient in the tongue. What they want from me is the ability to talk in English. None of their teachers can do that as well as I, so I am

to read to them, talk to them, have them read to me and so keep the English words perpetually dinning in their ears. It will be interesting work and may help us in our school later on. Let us hope so and pray so."

A little later he writes: "The boys are very much interested and are all anxious to learn. I will enclose a sample of the composition which they do. In a few weeks one cannot accomplish much except teach a number of new words and certain principles of pronunciation, insisting especially on those sounds which seem to be constitutionally difficult for this race. Following I will copy a couple of essays on 'The Whale.'"

WALE

The wale is the larger kind of the fish and his power is so highter that all the fish live in water are controled by him. But he difference all the fish for he no gills or fins for it is hard when he turns in the water and in few very minutes he cannot appears in the air that he might died. As for his spout can he wrecks the smaller vessels and the fishing smacks, the people of the river's bank almost always distressed by him.

WHALE

Some animals in water are lived chiefly by the fish. The different kinds of fish are very much. As the

whale is especially with other. If we catch a fish to lay down at the ground it will not take long that which is soon to die. Why? Because all fish cannot live on land to inspire the air. But the whale can be inspiring the air and drinking the water also. He often inspires the air going down to the bottom of water by and by rise up against to spit the air so high that almost thirty feet away. He has no gil but has a large mouse. When our traveled ship must take care and don't sail into his mouse. Thus the whale is a king of fish.

Nearly a month after Warren's arrival in Changsha he thought it well to lay before His Excellency Tuan Fang, Governor, the purposes of the Yale Mission College. In this aggressive move the young missionary relied upon the Governor's well-known liberal views regarding Western civilization. Having secured the good offices of Mr. Zau, interpreter in English, he was able to overcome a supposed prejudice the Governor had against missionaries, not because he was opposed to them specifically, but because he was jealously watched by the old conservative party. The Governor agreed to see Warren, who, at the appointed hour, was borne in his chair to the official residence, through long, alley-like corridors and heavy gates with grotesque figures painted upon them. He was carried through various courts, open

to the sky, having buildings on four sides, then he was ushered into the guest-hall for Chinese, with its low couch on which there was room for two to squat. Around the wall were chairs and tables for guests of less prominence: "We soon heard the Governor slowly approaching; the servants held back the curtain for him; he entered. He is a man of ordinary height, whose sparse beard and foreign glasses give him quite a solemn and dignified appearance. He seemed rather portly, but aside from the fact that these officials live pretty well and never take any exercise, of course there is the amount of clothing to be reckoned with. After shaking hands silently and delicately we sat down, he at the head of the table and I on his right. He wore his official hat, which is like a saucer with the edge turned back, making a flat perpendicular surface around the edge. This was lined with fur and there was a stiff plume sticking out behind. He wore heavy silks brocaded with designs and around his neck were several strings of beads. I told him about the plan of the Mission and he seemed interested, but there was always a stolid coldness about the face, and when he looked at you straight his eyes were very penetrating. He soon sent a servant (there were three or four of them with a soldier or two going in and out of the room) after something which proved to be an embroidered silk case with a small bottle of snuff in one side and an

ivory plate in the other, on which he turned out a little from time to time and applied it to his nose. He was very strong on the idea of our establishing a school which should turn out men who are fitted for the highest service here in China. Many of the schools under the direction of foreigners get many pupils, but they graduate unfit to take a stand with their fellows in public places and in Chinese society as well as in Chinese scholarship. These are important points and I pressed His Excellency to more clearly set forth what he had in mind, which he did. It was not a long interview but a very pleasant one, and His Excellency asked me to come again, saying he would be glad to help us. How far this will go we don't of course know and cannot depend on it much. But some day we may have a chance to remind him of his promise. He came out into the court with us and there I attempted to make the Oriental bow, which I had made very well here at home. But it did not seem to please His Excellency, who good-humoredly showed how the contortion should be executed. Then with Zau I went to a restaurant near by, where we had an excellent lunch, all in foreign style, well cooked, and well served,—and then home."

Prince Tsai Chen, son of Prince Ching, the prime minister, on a visit to New York in the year 1902, received special attention from J. B. Reynolds, Esq., Yale 1884, in the absence of Mayor Low, to whom

he was secretary. When Mr. Reynolds visited China, on his world tour, he carried with him a beautiful Tiffany cup as a gift to the Prince, who, in turn, received him with gracious ceremony and fêted him richly. Through Prince Ching, Mr. Reynolds received a letter of introduction to Tuan Fang, Governor of the Province of Hunan. Mr. Reynolds's prestige preceded him at Changsha, where he was received with marked favor by the Governor, who promised Mr. Reynolds to take an interest in the American College.

Warren gave a hearty welcome to Mr. Reynolds, a member of the Yale Foreign Missionary Council: "A finely cultured gentleman and a delightful companion." He conducted him to various localities, possible sites for the College, and finally to the mountain on the opposite side of the river, from which a fine view may be gained of the city and surrounding country. Then he took him to call on the Governor: "It was quite grand as we went through the middle doors of the yamen, which swung open for us, and were carried in our chairs through one little court and then another and finally let down in the 'chair court.' Gathering ourselves together for a final plunge we passed through blue doors where stood soldiers at 'present arms,' and then out into another little court, and finally into the room where the Governor receives foreigners. We wanted to have Mr. Reynolds give

His Excellency an account of our work, but the call was foreshortened by the Governor's invitation to come to lunch to-day."

Of that interesting function Warren writes: "The lunch which the Governor gave us was an event which we shall long remember. It was really in honor of our attractive friend, Mr. Reynolds, but we were glad enough to creep in on any 'pull' which could do the work. As on the other visit we went in our chairs and passed in at the swinging middle doors at what might be called the outer gate, passed along an open court, and were lowered in the chair court. Other doors were thrown open, giving us a view through another open court of the Chinese guest-room with its open front. But you must not imagine that there was anything very imposing about it for one who has read about the pomp and splendor of the East. The whole place, as I have said, is rather dilapidated, and, like the lady in the comic song, it has seen its best days. Through groups of soldiers and attendants we were shown into the dining-room where we found the Governor. There were two other Americans, both engineers, and one a Yale man in the class of '01, Sheff. In addition to them there were two Taotais (or big officials) and two interpreters. We stood around and talked for a while and the Governor seemed quite informal. Then we were shown our seats. There were ten of us. At one end sat His

Excellency and at the other one of the Taotais. I sat at the latter's right and Mr. Reynolds at the Governor's right, while Gage graced his left. The officials were relieved by their servants of their heavy court hats with their stiff horse-hair plumes sticking out behind, and the ordinary black skull cap with the red button was placed there instead. We were more at home than our hosts. The big fat Taotai on my left was much interested in the various articles as they appeared and tried to fathom their nature by using the sense of smell along with the use of his fork and knife. These latter instruments looked very awkward in his big hands and he had to wrestle with the viands as they came along. The food was very good; I will send you the menu.

"Mr. Reynolds offered to take any message to the son of the Governor, who is studying in Washington. The Governor seemed quite pleased and sent around the next day a wooden box, fully four feet long and two wide, with two smaller ones, half as big, one containing an embroidery for his guest and a picture of His Excellency. But in a way the kind-hearted American was repaid, for the Governor bought the tickets on the steamer for Mr. Reynolds, covered all the furniture in the room with white cloth, had flowers put on the table, and sent down two of his suite to bid him farewell. So I felt as if I belonged to royalty at the steamer, in the midst of all this favor."

AT THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE AFTER THE BANQUET

His Excellency, Tuan Fang, in the centre

CHANGSHA, July 9, 1905.

"We are now seeing China as she is in summer. Many of the coolies wear broad-brimmed straw hats which turn up in front and back. The hats do not come down on to the head as ours do, but there is a sort of straw collar, which fits the head like a crown, on top of which the hat is tied, which is to give ventilation. A more picturesque kind of hat is also of straw, but it is open-work and is backed with blue cloth, which looks very pretty about the dark face of a coolie. Every one, who has a hand disengaged, carries a fan and a good proportion of the race is bare to the waist. Some of the children spend the summer without the inconvenience of clothing, but the popular dress is a kind of apron which is split, one side being tied around each small ankle. It comes halfway up the breast, has a little string around the waist, and another over the shoulder, and is open in back. You pass a prosperous store, a silk shop or a silver shop, and there behind the counter is a row of men fanning themselves.

"Thus far I have been able to wear a shirt with a coat, although I lay the latter aside when I am working. I have also been able to keep my teacher half a day and do not find it bad studying with him. The people at night take out bamboo couches into the street in front of their houses and sleep there, or they go up to the platform which almost every Chinese

house in the city has at the top of the structure for drying clothes, where they find air if there is any to be found. The people run great risks in this weather by eating fresh fruit; it lays them open to the contracting of cholera. Watermelons, most of them of a whitish color and nearly round, peaches, plums and the like are eaten even unripe by a great many, then you see what is left thrown around the streets and allowed to remain there for weeks. The people do not work any harder than they have to, and they drink warm tea with other quieting mixtures of uncertain origin and very dubious appearance. We expect rain soon and a little diversion like that will set us all up on our feet again for another spell."

Mr. Greenwell Fletcher, British Commissioner of Customs, whose residence was on the long, narrow island opposite Changsha, arranged with Warren to spend his nights with him. He returned to his work in the city each morning, delving into the language, which was a distinct gain to him, although pursuing such a study in midsummer was in no sense a pastime. Writing from his quarters at Mr. Gotteberg's, he says: "I have slept on the roof of the house over on the island with no shelter above my head save the top of the mosquito netting. The wind comes through nicely and it is fine being up there behind the iron palings, with the lights along the river to the East, the big mountain towering gauntly aloft to the

West and the stars closing in all around you above. No better air than that."

His friend Fletcher has written: "During the whole of our intimacy, whether at home or journeying, — for I, among others, was with him on the walking tour he took to Paoking and Yungchow, — working or playing, for many are the consultations we have had over the former, and many the hard-fought battles on the tennis ground, whatever the occupation, indeed, in which he was engaged, I never found him other than a strong, helpful, and cheery friend, whose good example was to be relied on and who was to be trusted for good advice and action in any difficulty. It seems inexplicably sad that a man so intellectually and physically gifted, who, moreover, was energetically and unselfishly using his great talents in the service of the good cause, — a man, indeed, for whom I felt the greatest admiration and of whom I often think as a model of all that is pure and devoted, yet manly and charming withal, — should be cut off in his prime, before he had had time to delight more than a limited circle of acquaintances with his personality."

The summer nights in a city, with its narrow streets, its unsanitary ways of living and its inhuman practices, brought much sadness to a nature as sensitive as Warren's. He writes of the sounds that reach his ears as he lies awake, trying to coax sleep: "One

would get a very fair introduction into Chinese life if he could be transported by night to some high tower, there to listen to the sounds that rise from the narrow streets and closely packed houses below. Sleeping in such a tower, open on all sides to the winds of heaven and the noises of earth, I have lain and listened to the strange night life as it is revealed in the vocal strains arising from the wide stretch below. One night the first sound that caught my ear was the voice of a little child steadily crying. There was something desolate and hopeless in her moan (for I concluded that it was a little girl), as if she were trying to bear her fate, but could not help telling the story of her pain by these constant sobs. I thought I knew all about her. Her mother had been tightening the bandages around the little feet that evening and now they pained her worse than ever. She could not sleep, so there she lay and sobbed in that subdued but unbroken wail. Perhaps her mother was holding her and was trying to quiet her by telling her that, if her feet were allowed to grow big, she would never be happy and never get married. She might even have to be sold as a slave girl, for nobody cares about slave girls, whether they are attractive or not. All about the streets you see them, these women with their little pointed feet, like a deer's feet, and their swollen ankles, slowly stumping along. It is an exception to see a woman with big feet. . . . The city

is waking from its hot sleep. The upright boards along the store fronts are being taken down one by one, thus disturbing the vagrants who have been sleeping on a piece of straw matting in the street or on a little platform close under the front of the store. Beggars crawl out from this end and that corner. Sounds of trade are stirring. The streets are beginning to fill and another day is on. Still, in a nook or the shade of a hospitable door, tired forms remain unmoved and weary eyes remain closed in the midst of the hum about them. It is marvelous how these people can sleep, on a board, or on a piece of matting laid on the stones of a courtyard, or in the street, unprotected from the sun. They squat until they are sitting on their heels and then, resting their heads on their hands supported from the knees, they glide into dreamland. Sometimes standing up against a counter or a wall or sitting against some support, they are around you on all sides, and in the busy street you have to avoid unconscious figures enjoying their siestas."

July 16.

"Because I never have felt the cold much of any I thought that I might be very sensitive to the heat. But thus far I have not felt it as much as these old birds who have been out here for years. They say that one's resistance breaks down in time. How this may be I don't know, but most rules are subject to

the individual condition of the people. I have played tennis on the average of about twice a week, singles and doubles. This young Englishman, with whom I am staying, is fairly good and often wins a set off of me, but I continue to be the champion of some twenty-one millions here in the Province! The sun is hot, but we don't play until five or later in the afternoon; it is hot enough then, but I like it. The perspiration runs down my arm until my hand is just soaked and the handle of the racket feels like a warm mud-puddle. I think that I have never gotten so hot as I have this summer.

"I have one or two theories which I am testing gradually; one is that people put on too many clothes in the winter. They expect to feel the cold and as a result they do feel it. I think that the same principle is true of the summer and that people make too many concessions to the heat, wearing too thin clothing and thinking about the weather too much. I also think that the person with plenty to do does not feel the heat so much as one who makes it his chief business to keep cool. But I realize that it is a bit early in the game to make sweeping generalities."

Writing September 10, Warren says: "There is something in the air to-day that is suggestive of old days. The skies are overshadowed and threaten rain, but there is a cool wind blowing and for the first time in months I have gone through the day not in

ducks and other thin things but in regular fabrics. Suggestions of open fires, of doors that let in gusts of unruly wind when they are opened, of hot biscuit and cocoa for supper, come to mind. The fall is here and our fears of another hot spell have vanished."

Warren greatly enjoyed the companionship of the British Consul, Mr. A. J. Flaherty, with whom he had many a good game of tennis.

After Warren's death Mr. Flaherty, writing from London, said: "The acquaintance which I formed with your son in Changsha developed rapidly into an intimate friendship, and by his death I have lost one of the best friends it has ever been my lot to make. I had many opportunities of observing the patient self-sacrifice with which he devoted himself to his work, in particular during the exceptionally hot summer of 1905. The more intimately I knew him the more I admired his manly and upright character. I am convinced that his brief period of pioneer work in Hunan will stand out as a land-mark in the history of the Mission. None perhaps more than I can fully appreciate the difficulties and hardships which he had to face in that city, or realize with what indomitable courage he turned delays and disappointments into final and lasting success. If God has called him away in the flower of his youth and strength it is because He is satisfied with the task he has accomplished."

Here is found one of the secrets of Warren's symmetrical nature. There was in him a happy blending of the vivacious with the sober, the sportive with the serious. Tennis was an expression of his physical vigor, and yet he never played when his work demanded his attention. His honorable standards of right-doing favored quick transitions from absorbing task to glowing pastime. His clear-cut purpose quickened the pace of all his activities. It clothed the most commonplace act with the grace of high honor. His was a native boyishness, and withal, an unaffected manliness. Warren's was not "strained spirituality;" it was spontaneous, exuberant spirituality. Of him may be said as has been claimed of another: "I never knew any one who gave me so strong a feeling of the pure joy of living." This joy often broke into radiance, brightening his face the moment he began to speak. It was evident that the tasks of his new life in a distant country, his separation from the home which he loved as he loved his own life, did not quench the ardor of his nature: "I have not yet begun to write my autobiography. How would 'W. B. S., Missionary and Saint' look on the cover of a three-volume edition?"

Warren kept in touch with his classmates at the Seminary and occasionally wrote them a circular letter. This extract, written during his first year at Changsha, shows the depth of his feeling and his lofty ideals: —

"This is a birthday letter. It may not be your birthday, when this letter arrives, but it is mine. I am 'twenty-one' to-day! Is n't that fine to have come of age at last and to be able to vote for the Emperor, the old Empress, and all the rest of our rulers! But I tell you it is serious to contemplate the advance of time and to realize that you are approaching the years of discretion. When I turn thirty I shall really begin to think that I am old. Honestly, the very thought of getting slow, heavy, and lax, physically, is only less repugnant than the prospect of losing the qualities of buoyancy and hope, enthusiasm and confidence which one naturally associates with the days of youth. But if there are good things in our lives now, we need not fear their loss, for we must believe that they give place to what is better. There never can be gain without some loss. We must believe we gain and we must gain, or accept the loss. Still the spirit of youth need not be sacrificed. The capacity of feeling deeply and freshly, of enjoying experiences keenly, of having faith in men and joy in life, of keeping the heart child-like, however old and wise the head becomes; this is worth holding and for this I yearn.

"Let us all live the abundant life, fellows. That expression means a great deal and it will take my whole life to prepare me to understand what it can mean. To fill our lives with outgoings and incomings,

with many interests, many sources of enjoyment, many means of self-expression, to live broadly among men, deeply within and always in connection with the Illimitable. In quiet parishes and mission stations, it is hard to keep the windows open to the distant view. Too much right at hand claims our attention and we forget to lift up our eyes unto the hills. These thoughts are very deeply wrought into me as they doubtless are in you all, in different form. Let us live them out and make them more practical, by experiencing their strength in action and character.

"May God bless you all and lead you into newness of life, as the days of your service increase in number."

Writing to one of his intimate friends he seems almost to divine the future: "I do not know what is before me, but I am 'building my nest in the greatness of God.'"

During the month of May Warren made his first visit to Kuling. It was not for rest but for conference with his associates, Gage and Hume: —

"Here I am at Kuling at last. They say that one of the safest and wisest remarks for a bachelor to make when he is shown a baby of uncertain age and is expected to say something, is, 'Well, that *is* a baby!' So I say of Kuling, 'This *is* a place!' yet a little disappointing to those who have visited Switzerland or the White Mountains! But let me bring

you to Kuling more gradually. Changsha was left behind at daybreak. The next day we came into Hankow, 'the Chicago of China,' a place whose trade, activity, and westernism seem increased every time I see it. I had time for breakfast on board and a walk the entire length of the Bund to the Gilberts', before the proper hour for putting in an appearance on Sunday morning should arrive. We went to church and saw a few friends. We, my boy and I, left Hankow Sunday evening and pulled up at Kiu-kiang just after breakfast the next morning. My boy was put in a chair and carried by three men; two others started off with our things, but I, feeling young and husky, determined to hoof it. So off we started in a bunch, the yellow horse leading and I at his shoulder a good second. The first part of the journey led through the city of Kiu-kiang and soon brought us out into the plain. We could see the high mountains of Kuling in the distance, but the plain looked very long and so it was found to be. May is not a cool month in China and yesterday was rather a trying day. There being no sun it seemed a good time to start, but we soon found how oppressive the atmosphere was. The clouds shifted about in the sky, occasionally letting a little sun through, yet there seemed to be no air moving. It took us most of the morning to get across the plain and then we seemed to go along the base of this line of hills without going up very much. It was very

hot and I think I never felt any walk so much. About noon we reached what is known as the 'half-way-house,' but I was glad to learn that two thirds of the distance had been covered. When I got to the top of this steep mountain, or range of mountains, I was fairly 'all in.' These hills are in stern contrast with the plain, rising abrupt and smooth to their irregular summits, but they are so shorn of any tree of respectable size, they do not seem natural. Kuling was reached at about three and I must have spent an hour in trying to find our place, but patience was rewarded and it will never take so long again.

"You enter Kuling proper at one end of an elevated valley, with steep hills on either side, whose slopes are covered with a low shrubby growth. Here are the summer homes of many missionaries, staring little structures of white stone with still whiter seams of mortar, standing bold and unrelieved on every bit of space large enough for a house to get a grip. With their corrugated iron roofs just big enough to cover them they look more like little guard houses, so broad and solid and sturdy are they. There is little variety in architecture. They seem to have no mutual understanding as to which point of the compass a building should face, each being quite regardless of his neighbors and careful only to get the most out of his lot. One might imagine that all the houses had been let fall from some height above us and that each had

remained where it landed. In many cases the side of the hill has been dug away in order to construct a flat surface for building, thus leaving a steep gravelly bank rising from behind the servants' quarters. Our Mission house here is better than the average, better built and better furnished. It consists of five rooms in a row, four furnished with bath-rooms and the centre one partially for use as a sitting-room and dining-room."

At the conference held in the Mission bungalow at Kuling, the curriculum of study was arranged and many of its details agreed upon; it was also decided to open a dispensary at Changsha as soon as practicable. In this most important preliminary work, before the school itself had been established, Gage's scholarly tastes and Hume's training in science, plus the sagacity and level-headedness of each, and Warren's practical good sense, effectively blended. From this successful conference Gage, with Mrs. Gage, came to America for the summer, Hume remained at Kuling, while Warren returned to Changsha, after an absence of ten days.

VIII

THE FOUNDING OF THE YALE MISSION COLLEGE

As time passed it became evident that it was impracticable, at least for the present, to pursue further the attempt to secure land for college buildings. In view of the obstacles the committee cabled from New Haven to hold the question of purchasing land in abeyance. Attention was now turned to the search for temporary quarters in the city itself. The first thought was to rent rather than buy: "We want to hire a large house, where there will be room enough for us all and for the school, also. But I am almost in despair of securing this as the city is full of schools, many of them without suitable accommodations, and looking for better ones. There are many Chinese, men of property, glad to buy any house for sale and there is strong dislike of renting to foreigners. Real estate is at a premium here and we find conditions that do not hold anywhere else in the Province. If we could rent a large house in the city to-morrow, we could begin at once to make the improvements necessary for our comfort."

Early in August, 1906, Dr. Hume came down from Kuling and long conferences were held between Warren and himself over the steps to be taken

toward the proper development of the school. As a result a house was rented for use as a dispensary to become the centre of that most important department — medical work. "We are very happy about it," says Warren, "for although it is not a great event in a long course of mission history, we have made a beginning and are able now to open work of our own in the fall. It is the first bit of permanent work accomplished by us and we have done it without the help of other missionaries. There are changes to be made in the building; we felt this was the thing to do and we did it."

After the ball had once been started it rolled rapidly, and the long-expected crisis came suddenly into view. Patience in waiting the favorable turn of affairs, and the two summers spent in the heat of the city, were at last rewarded, the second stage of progress following closely upon the first. On the 19th of August Warren gave, with confident detail, the steps which led to the purchase of a house: "This letter will bear no uncertain note to you to-day. It is raining hysterically, as if the weather had felt the strain of the week and, now that the crisis has passed, had lost its self-control. Last night our faithful agent, who has worked bravely and skillfully through it all, brought us a collection of deeds showing that we are the lawful owners of a piece of land, with a house on it, here in the heart of the city. It is located on one

of the principal thoroughfares known as 'Official Street.'"

When the transaction is completed and the first payment made, fourteen papers are passed and pronounced by an old resident in China to be the cleanest and most complete he ever saw. And now the process of transformation begins, making the building habitable for the school. Warren describes the work: "The program of the week has been on this wise; after breakfast, as soon as I can leave the house in good shape, I hasten down to the school, which is fifteen minutes' walk from here. There I find a busy scene. There are carpenters, masons, painters and glass-fitters hard at work. The carpenters are laboring over doors that must be made or repaired, knocking desks and benches into shape, putting down a floor for my servants, making a few platforms for the teachers in the various (4) recitation-rooms, window-frames, beds, a big flat seat-of-honor for the guest-hall and such articles for use and ornament. The masons are plastering the brick walls that rear their dull height all over the premises and then treating them to coats of whitewash. The stone-masons are tossing huge slabs of stone about, making steps from one level to another, or paving the little courts through which one must pass from one building to another. The oilers are at work everywhere following the steps of the carpenters like blood-hounds and

By courtesy of Yale Alumni Weekly

FRONT GATE OF YALE MISSION COLLEGE

"Great Ya-li College" (Translation of inscription)

daubing on the clean white wood a mixture of various things including pigs' blood. The glass men putter around and try to help the good work along, succeeding only in adding to the general confusion. It is quite necessary that I be there. Not only must I tell them in the first place what is to be done, but I must see that it is done and that it is done not according to their ideas but according to mine. Then there are changes in my plans as the days go on and there are constantly new things to be done which were not noticed before. So I spend the day in going from one end of the long premises to the other, watching, ordering, urging and consoling the several score of men who are there in one capacity or another. The teachers' rooms must be first in order with their beds, desks, tables, stools and the like all furnished. The dormitories, the school-rooms, the kitchen and the dining-room must be in shape, and if I do not see that all is right you may be sure that all will not be right. From the drains under the earth to the tiles in the roof above the earth, the one in charge must be on hand to see that what should be, is. It is axiomatic in China that to have things right one must personally superintend the work done, and I am proving that there are no exceptions here. When noon comes and the men go across to the dispensary property for their dinner, I sit down with the faithful Niu, he of the big head and short body, my former teacher and

constant stand-by since first coming to the city. From a neighboring restaurant rice in a large wooden tub and several bowls of vegetables, meat, stew, or fish are brought and we get to work with chop-sticks in true Oriental fashion. Then there is a little native tea to wash it down and we begin work again."

Dr. Hume, writing of this period, says: "During the summer of 1906 we worked together over the problem of property in Changsha, finally securing the school and hospital premises. And day by day, as we climbed the steps at the evening hour, and sat together on the little roof-seat above Warren's room, his word was always an expression of wonder at God's manifest guidance through that day. And always with it the most sane and natural valuation of our own part. Those were precious days."

An epoch in the history of education in Central China was the opening of the New Yale. Of all the schools in Changsha none were designed to do the work the Yale Mission was sent to China to accomplish, namely, University education. The process must be one of gradual evolution; to make a beginning was highly essential. Now that a footing had been gained and the purchase and re-modelling of a building with school-rooms, reception-room, chapel, etc., completed, pupils could be gathered and teaching could commence. William J. Hail had joined the missionary force and all was ready for launching the

new movement: "On Friday morning, Nov. 16th, at eight o'clock the students (some twenty of them) gathered in the chapel for the opening exercises. We had sent notice to all the missionaries in the city to say that we were opening very quietly and that a formal occasion would be observed at a later date. So there were only three or four foreigners besides our own people at eight o'clock on Friday morning. Hume, Hail and I, in academic gowns and the three Chinese in ceremonial robes, hats with brass or glass buttons, filed in and ascended the platform. The students were on their feet and upon facing them they and we bowed deeply in Chinese fashion. Then I led the service following the Episcopal morning prayer form (in Chinese); a hymn, practised for the first time the night before, was sung and the service proper was opened. Then we each made a few remarks in Chinese, Hail's being translated into colloquial by Mr. Kao, our teacher from Doctor Matteer's school in the North. This concluded the service and the remaining half hour of the first period was employed in the studies appointed for that time. We are indeed where it is deep. Here we are in charge of a school in old China, where schools have been an institution as long as the country has had an articulate existence, and here we are with our inexperience trying to institute a curriculum that shall be sufficient to meet the needs of these eager young men. Many

problems as to discipline come to our attention at once and we are constantly searching our hearts to find the solution for the present day, and the precedent for days to come. We find that Chinese schools publish very excellent catalogues, but they do not pretend to keep up to the standard set. This may be one reason why so many have been willing to enter a school where there is advertised a strict discipline and high ideals — the feeling that we will not live up to what we preach. Now we are on trial and in the various things that constitute the policy and discipline of the school we must be confident and efficient."

Early in the autumn Warren arranged a set of rules and regulations for the school, decided about tuition fees, courses, and many like details. It was put into Chinese by three of the teachers. Then he reduced to system outlines of preparatory, academic, and graduate work: "This has not been easy, for it is new work for me, especially difficult when you are considering the needs of a foreign people. I have used all the wit I have and have consulted the other outlines of schools in China at hand, but after all it is something of a responsibility to publish the policy of the school and to set forth its courses for the first year alone. Still the Committee has put me here and they will not blame me if I do the best I can. This week I have added to our staff one new man, a genuine Chinese scholar of the old style, one who has a good reputation

here in the city and one who will help us by his connection with our institution. First I went with my stand-by, Niu, to call on him. He was out, but the next morning at nine o'clock he came to see me, dressed in the robes, boots and hat to which his official rank entitled him. It was a short call and I bowed him out after an interchange of polite phrases. On the following day or so we sent him an invitation to teach in our school, written on flaring red paper in neat black characters. In response to this he came yesterday for the first time and helped us in arranging our bulletin for publication. He is over sixty and a genuine specimen of the Chinese scholar class. However, he is open to enlightenment, as his willingness to come indicates, and he further says that he considers this as good as a trip to America, for he will be able to learn from us modern educational methods. You would smile if you could look in on me working with these three men. The old fellow is one of those who get very much excited when they talk. He will come up close to you and look at you narrowly through his great round glasses. Then he will break off and get under way. In his talk he will stoop, bend forward, sway backward and forward, straighten up and extend his arms full length and really get quite dramatic. Meanwhile I look very much interested and very serious, although I am aching to run away and laugh, but I sway sympathetically from side to side as

the Chinese are apt to do when another is conversing with them, and grunt my entire concurrence with his remarks! Sometimes we all four talk at once in Chinese and no one hears what any one else is saying. But this is not usually true, nor does it preclude our making rapid progress."

A week later he writes: "The teachers are working in finely; even the old Confucian scholar who, with all his peculiar manners, is one of the most interesting curios of the school. But another thing which has not ceased to be a wonder to me is the school building itself, which is so wonderfully adapted to our purpose. Doors have been cut, more light admitted here and there, two shops walled in and converted into a large chapel, but in the main the school has not been much altered. After the school was well started we turned our attention to getting our own little house into form for occupation. It is a little gem of a house and I feel almost selfish for occupying it. The house stands at the back of the property to the right, with a high wall between it and the school kitchen. When the gates are shut between us and the kitchen we are very quiet, although we have to pass through the school to get out. We have two studies in the front. Behind one of them is the little dining-room and behind the other is the back hall with the stairs. Upstairs there are four rooms, two for each of us. There are open fireplaces in the five rooms, the house is plastered throughout

THE GUEST HALL

and, although the wood-work is not well done, it is going to be very comfortable, and I am taking much pride in the house, which has been made over according to my ideas and under my direction."

Upon the question of discipline he writes: "School has been going for over a week and it seems as if we have had such an institution for a much longer time. I have not ceased to marvel at the ease with which the boys fall into the idea of a school and the smoothness with which it has started on its long journey. The boys show amenability to system and discipline. Of course they hope that the first speed will soon drop to a more lax and easy gait. This is just where we shall disappoint them. To be sure, we had to expel a boy yesterday, but it has not clogged the school machinery in the least. We found that he was using a different name from that with which he entered. It rather upset us to have to change the name in the record books and elsewhere. He declared at first that he came in under an assumed name so that he could drop out again without 'losing face' if he should find, as he feared he might, that the school was very strict. Upon close examination it appeared that another fellow, a friend of his, had passed the entrance examinations but for some reason could not come, so he handed the privilege over to this fellow, who took his friend's name and changed it to his own, only when he thought he was safely in and there would be no

trouble. And so the boy had to go. It will be a good thing from all points of view and will help us to maintain the good name with which the school has begun."

Dissatisfaction with one of the Chinese instructors, a man trained in North China, a convert to Christianity, arose because his use of Chinese was declared to be imperfect. Instead of denying the boys their right of complaint, the teachers held conferences with them in order to bring them to the touchstone of reason and, with excellent good sense, finally announced that the Chinese teacher would be retained but another would be secured to assist him. All those who would abide by the decision of the faculty might signify it by attending prayers the next morning. Nearly all responded, but at the close of the exercises a rebellion broke out in the hall outside, due to the insistence of the leader that all the boys should stand, as the instructors filed into the chapel. This was interpreted by them to mean a studied sign of lordship over them and of disapproval by the teachers of their attitude toward the recent ruling of the faculty. Some of the boys left, others remained, but the reputation of the New Yale for discipline was established: "Our stand on the subject of school management is now known and our high standard is coming to be understood and appreciated. Another gain which we feel we are making is in winning the confidence of the boys in the

school. It is not easy to make the Oriental believe in you; the student class, especially, is not easily convinced of your sincerity. And yet in China it is common for the most cordial relations to exist between teacher and pupil. These we hope to secure for their own sakes as well as in the belief that these young friends may be led to know the joy of intimate communion with Him in Whose Name we are here."

At the close of the academic year there were thirty boys in the school. Some came from very good families and showed their good breeding in every movement. Others were more humbly born, but there was a creditable evidence of earnestness on the part of the majority of the school, most pleasing to their instructors. In the personnel of the school, the four great classes of Chinese Society were represented: Literati, Agriculturalists, Artisans, Traders.

"What would you think of a school of thirty boys who, left alone every evening in the study, behaved themselves with sufficient decorum to make it unnecessary to have any one act as proctor! The Chinese boys are certainly more quiet and law-abiding than ours. On the other hand, when allowed to go out into the city they have to be watched very closely. This noon after their dinner they sent a delegation to us to ask that they might have Sunday afternoons off. This is just what the other schools have and is just the thing that both stu-

dents and teachers employ for evil purposes. We are being tested by these young fellows and must stand our ground now or it will go badly with us later."

True to his instinct of giving the boys every pleasure possible, Warren was accustomed to take them out for long walks, or show them how to play games: "Last evening [Dec. 2d] we had a house-warming and you may be sure it was a hot time. We had the whole school in and gave them an evening of real fun. We played 'pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey,' 'Jenkins-up' and 'crokinole,' all of which the boys enjoyed exceedingly. I think the element of chance in the second-named appealed to them especially, for there was a hilarious crowd around the dining-room table all the evening. The teachers hovered about the pictures of Yale and Yale men, but even 'Old Vegetables' (as we call our old classical teacher, because his name has the sound of the word for that useful variety of food) seemed interested in everything going on and had a good time. We had Japanese biscuit found at a little Japanese bakery in the city, and served them hot coffee."

Warren also purposed to show the boys how to play American games, base-ball, tennis and foot-ball, realizing the purpose which he once formed when he wittily said to a Hartford professor: "I shall coach the Chinese boys in athletics, then I shall become a Cochin (coach in) China."

By courtesy of Yale Alumni Weekly

CHINESE TEACHERS

Dr. Niu, Dean; Mr. Ts'ai, Chinese Classics; Mr. Kao, Science

Interwoven into the events of the summer of 1906 are evidences of an increasing tenderness on Warren's part toward the home friends and his satisfaction with the work done: "Dear brother Joe: For I always think of you as my 'brother' preëminently. Are you not mine and have I not been yours in all things through these happy, vivid years? And if you will insist upon sending me things like these that have just come and do come from time to time, I can do no less than write you and say not so much that I thank you, as that you have called from my soul one more poor expression of the unbounded admiration and affection that lives there for you. Your picture, your name, a passing flicker of memory fills my soul with long, rich thoughts, lengthening as far into fond hopes, as they come out of the hallowed past. For do we not live? and is it not death to say that the best is gone? What we have had together has only fitted us to live and be of some use. How unworthy of God to give honey for the moment and not strength for the day!

"We have to grow older, it seems. My birthday hangs over me like a bad dream. I am heartily ashamed to be so youthful, when I am so old by the calendar and yet envious of the relentless years that take one chapter after another of one's life and put it beyond his touch. But I love the men and women who are young, all the way from four years to ninety-

four, and I hope that that love will help to keep me as young and happy as I am this day.

"This has been one of only two summers in my short life, when I can remember having accomplished anything. One summer in Vermont when I preached and made calls and took seven people into my little church; and again this summer when I dare to think that I have given the Yale Mission a start in Changsha, by getting for them these two places. Such satisfaction is better than vacation."

IX

LIVING IN THE LIFE OF OTHERS

It has already been evident that Warren had receptive sympathies of a high order. He was no recluse; he abhorred voluntary hermitage for the sake of self-gratification. The quality of his mind was essentially associative. He heartily welcomed any opportunity for showing himself a friend, a brother, an almoner of good. He freely gave of himself at whatever cost of exhaustive labors. With such a nature there was always before him an open door.

Heavy rains in the spring in China fill the rivers rapidly, without sufficient room for outflow into the lakes; this is especially true of the Hsiang River, pouring itself into Tung-ting Lake. So much of the country lies low that vast areas are covered with water in a very short time. The flood of the spring of 1906 was a disastrous one, as we may learn from Warren's description: "We are at present passing through a great calamity here in Changsha. No one thought that we should have more than the usual spring flood, which sometimes works up to the west gates of the city, but with steady cruelty it continued to rise day by day. The streets outside the city became flooded to the upper stories, then the streets

inside the city began to fill, houses became uninhabitable; people, loath to leave their belongings, first took refuge in the upper stories which most houses have. There they were often cut off and many have been drowned, refusing to be taken away from all they have in the world. The effect of the high water on the houses made of mud and thin bamboo is fatal and the flimsy structures are falling on all sides. Poverty will of course continue until business resumes its ordinary course; many of the wretched people, who in the best of times are only a meal or two ahead of the game, will now be reduced to helplessness." This catastrophe was the signal for the expression of substantial sympathy; an appeal was made to Hankow and Shanghai for financial aid; money and food were distributed by the people of Changsha, both natives and foreigners. Into these schemes Warren entered heartily, rendering personal assistance.

Continuing the story, he says: "I have been much engaged of late in the affairs of the Relief Committee. I have been to see conditions within and without the city walls and I find that where the water rose buildings in many cases fell down, furniture was carried away, other property destroyed and now sickness is appearing. Almost all the houses are built on the ground, consisting usually of one room approached down a dark passage-way, or by passing through several other rooms. Here you find wretchedness all

about, a poor bed, two or three pieces of furniture, one or more members of the family sick from the dampness breathed forth from walls and floors, others out begging. Most of these people are never far from the line of hunger and a catastrophe like this sweeps them over into actual suffering. We went from house to house, distributing checks for ten, fifteen, twenty-five and fifty cents (gold), which were exchanged in the afternoon for money."

In company with Mr. Gotteberg Warren visited the stricken city of Chin kiang, twenty miles north. He went as almoner of contributions from the people of Changsha, Hankow, and Shanghai. There he found great suffering and demand for utmost caution in the distribution of the money at his disposal. While there he writes of a summer night in a Chinese harbor: "The city of Chin kiang carries on a busy trade. It is often spoken of by the Chinese as 'Small Hankow,' not because of its activity but because of its situation. We had spent a busy day on shore distributing relief among the people who were slowly recovering from the flood and returned to our boat about sundown. It was too hot to eat inside, so we had the table placed on the top of the boat. There we pretended to partake of our dinner, but we had no appetite for it. There seemed to be no breeze and the heat of the day did not go with the sinking sun; a candle burning by our side insisted on bending over weakly. As soon as possible

we finished our meal and stretched ourselves out upon the top of the boat, among the long oars and boat hooks. The mouth of the small river was filling with boats. We were soon surrounded by them and found it useless to ask them to move farther on. In greater and greater numbers they came, until the place of anchorage was quite choked with them. There was a sullen self-constraint in the atmosphere and a change was feared. I knew there was no use in going below, so for some hours lay under the stars and tried to keep cool. A boat containing Chinese musicians was moving about. One artist beats rhythmically upon a resonant strip of bamboo, another saws mournfully upon a one-stringed violin, a third contributes to the discord by singing shrilly in a high falsetto. They row from one boat to another and stop for a concert when bidden. Another boat travels about with refreshments, cold jelly, peanuts and — no foreigner knows what else. The vender calls out his wares in a monotone or hits a little bell at regular intervals. A watchman moves quietly from one quarter to another and sounds his conch shell from unexpected localities. There is a quarrel between some of the boatmen. Every man in any way interested joins in and they all talk and curse at once. No one hears what any one else says and the trouble comes to a natural ending, when exhaustion sets in. Finally quietness reigns and I know it is after midnight. I go down and fan myself

as I lie sleeplessly on my bed. Low voices, here and there across the still water, show that I am not the only wakeful one. Suddenly there is a noise, so loud, so startling, that I cringe at the very thought of it. A thunderous roar accompanied by a hoarse yell from many throats seems to move across our bows and only a few yards away. I think confusedly of pirates as I spring up in bed, but a word from the boatmen, who are on their feet in a moment, explains it all. 'Thief! Did n't get him!' It seems that the sailors are always ready for this emergency and, as soon as one of them perceives a boat stealthily moving up, or observes a suspicious figure creeping along the shore, he cries out, fiercely. His neighbor hears the warning and, leaping to his feet, he cries, and so the cry travels up and down all the boats anchored in one locality, accompanied by the sound of bare feet stamping on the deck. Very few of the boats have small boats attached, so there is no way of pursuing the thief, who drops away in the darkness, but he is frightened and will not dare to come back, which is the principal thing in a Chinaman's mind.

"There is quietness again, although I am sure that many eyes are on the watch. Then there is another noise. On every boat there is movement, for the rain is coming. Sails are covered, doors are closed and boards are slid into their grooves along the side. We are shut in without a breath of air, but the atmosphere

is now cooler, although the shower is disappointingly short and light. Every one feels relieved and until daylight the fleet is asleep with a cool day coming. It is very often so in China; a hot day dawns and you feel that many more like it would be too much, but there comes a welcome wind or a generous shower and life begins anew."

In an earlier portion of this narrative special note has been made of Warren's love of home and kindred, which grew deeper and was more manifest as the months passed. Never weary of his work, always hopeful, he yet held himself in true loyalty to the home circle. His brother, Mason, made a book of photographs of the house at Wellesley Hills, the trees and the garden, which he sent to Warren, who wrote in reply: "I cannot think of anything which I would rather have you send me than just this. It is so good to be carried back to the dear old place when I look around my bed-room. It is a very nice little room to begin with, but these pictures which you sent me are pinned up on the wall now and add very much to the appearance of the room and much to my pleasure in occupying it. When you happen to take any other pictures which you think I would like, do be sure to lay them aside for me. Anything that speaks of home will be very welcome indeed."

Another letter speaks for itself: "Dear Mother of Mine. A mail came in this afternoon with a package

from you to me. Upon opening it I discovered the pretty Easter wishes and strong thoughts for all the day. I read all the bits in the 'Book of Cheer' at dinner to-night (I often read at meals) and have been helped already. I thank you for your choice in these, I thank you for the love that looked as clear as day in every line of the address, and every leaf within, but I thank you most of all for what I can never fully thank you, — for what you are to me. I may as well not try beyond the point of telling you I am out in the world with the precious treasure of a mother's love in my heart each day. In her love for me I am strong and my love is a reflection of hers.

"I am very anxious that you should not think of me as experiencing things that would cause you pain. There are times when I think of you with more than usual tenderness, but even the good letters and gifts from you do not bring about unhappy collapses. You must think of me as well and strong, contented and satisfied with this work. It would not be a good thing if our paths were all smooth. We have been very much tried by our failure to get land. It may be well for us if our hardest trials come at the first, so long as we weather them and find ourselves better for the storms. We rebel in word as we talk of it and the matter is often in our silent thoughts and we find it hard to see why we should be blocked, when every consideration seems to lay upon us the greatest haste.

It must be for the best, if one must suffer, to suffer with others and in their interests. May we come out refined by the fire and welded into a mission of men and women who will remain inseparable to the last."

Towards his only sister, Katherine, he always manifested glowing affection, and many a breezy letter he wrote "My dear Little Dib," after he left home. In this vein he writes to her during his first summer in China: "What a nice little lady you are to write me as you do about yourself and all your friends in town and about the place. I would n't swap you for anybody's sister and all the old clothes they had in the house to boot. And if any of the kids get at all gay with you, just shake your finger at them and say that you will write to your big brother in China. I'll fix them and I'll come straight home and give them such a scolding as they never had in their lives! Or, I can send my boy home and he can talk to them in Chinese until they are frightened almost to death. Nearly all the children about the streets are afraid of me. I don't blame them much, do you? I am pretty fierce looking when I march along these stone-paved streets! Little boys run for all they are worth and get behind their mothers. Little girls can't run so fast because their feet are bound, but they grab hold of two or three younger brothers who don't know enough to run and chase them off into the house, or try to get them in the protection of fans or whatever else there

may be at hand, and then they think when I have gotten by, 'Oh! goodness sakes alive! what a narrow escape from that horrid foreign devil.' And I go innocently on! But it is the worst when mothers hide their children's faces in their laps, for fear the wicked eye of the foreigner will bewitch them. And really, Dib, you 'll believe me when I say that I am no fiercer than when we took walks together on Sunday afternoon or sat on the front piazza and read.

"You sometimes see a man with a very common pole over his shoulder, from either end of which baskets are hung for carrying things. But in one basket there will sometimes be a little child, with a rock in the other to balance him. A great many men here are engaged in carrying water from the river and from a spring outside of the city. I feel sorry for some of the little boys who have to go in and out with pails of water suspended from the carrying poles.

"But if I tell you more my stereopticon lectures, when I get home, will not be very interesting. So I must slow up . . . and stop with a jerk! Uff!"

After receiving a box from home he writes: "This is a holiday! It is not kept in America, but here we are faithfully true to it. We call the day 'Boxes-from-Home-Day.' I was out in the warm sun for a walk in the latter part of the afternoon. Returning at dusk and threading my way through the darkening streets, with bunches of fire-crackers going

off around our heels (this is the New Year season as well as Boxes-from-Home-Day), we came in through our big doors to find the outer hall full of dusky figures and — boxes. We poked around and found that Mr. Fleischer, kindly remembering our great day, had pushed through and arrived yesterday. There was a cook from Hankow, a cooking stove and the Box, which of course is the central feature of these annual celebrations. Unfortunately I had a young fellow here teaching him Latin and English. After I had prepared him to enter Yale(!) I found that it was too late to open the box. So I went to bed, slept as hard and fast as I could and came down to eat my new cook's first breakfast, and then begin. How the splinters flew and how the nails groaned, as I got hold of them with my teeth and yanked them out! How I piled into that box! I sat in it, rolled in it, burrowed down in among the dictionaries and atlases, and splashed around among the pictures! I tore off the paper coverings of bundles, foaming at the mouth and pawing the ground the while, until, weak and fainting, I had to be carried to my room by my chamberlain and keeper of the hounds, where light refreshments were served until I recovered. I cannot begin to thank you! I feel as if a year's waiting for such a box was not too long. If this sort of thing happens very often I shall have to have a furlough soon to recover. The box was fragrant; in spite of the oil

By courtesy of Yale Alumni Weekly

FACULTY OF THE COLLEGE IN CHAPEL

Morning of the opening day, Nov. 16, 1906

paper it leaked through every crack with love and good wishes. I feel unworthy and shall have to 'buck up' now and try and be good. You each deserve a memorial, a long document suitably embellished and embossed; I will see if there is any to be had in the neighborhood. More next Sunday, but until then remember that you have in China a very happy and grateful son and brother who is all this because you are so good to him."

The variety of custom in China's complex life demands a broad and patient study. Unified as she is by ages of seclusion, by social and ancestral bonds, there exists within her vast boundaries great diversity, both physical and temperamental. In one sense, to know one Chinese province is to know all provinces; in another sense, he who has lived in a city on the coast, and become familiar with its maritime features, finds, upon penetrating into the interior, a different social type, grade of intellect, standard of morality. It is only by visiting many portions of China that a person can familiarize himself with the different aspects of her character, or approach a complete knowledge of her resources. This fact was deeply impressed upon Warren's mind. First, he would see the Province in which he was to live and from which the teachers of the New Yale were to draw students. Then, if possible, he would see other provinces, especially those of the far North. During the year 1906,

the only complete calendar year he spent in Changsha, he made two journeys, one through portions of Hunan and one to Peking.

About the middle of February he started with a party of four to explore portions of the Province lying southwest of Changsha. He went first by boat up the river Hsiang thirty miles to Siangtan, where he laid in a stock of provisions and secured coolies to carry the equipment for the tour. The caravan moved slowly, and there was not wanting friction over the restlessness and obstinacy of the servants. Travelling along one of the busiest highways in Central China, the party crossed the "Bridge of Ten-thousand Happinesses." The misery and squalor of some of the towns, especially the "beggar towns," appealed to their sympathies and there were occasional thrusts of spite against these "foreign devils" who were invading their borders. The pagodas, the sentries guarding the good luck of the people, the extremely narrow and stuffy streets, reminded Warren that he was "in real China." He visited Paoking, Yungchow, saw the famous coal mines worked by a party of Germans and rode in a veritable steam train, so visibly does the West inoculate the East. After an absence of ten days he returned to Changsha, thankful for all he enjoyed at his own station, and having discovered that Christian workers away from the open ports suffer many hardships.

After the exacting duties of the summer of 1906 and when the transformation of the house was well advanced, Warren took a few weeks for rest; he began to feel the effects of the heat and saw the danger of pushing into the winter campaign without a respite. Late in September, in company with Mr. Carswell, father of Mrs. Hume, Warren started for Peking. Writing from a station on the new Hankow-Peking Railroad, he says: "Through the windows of a second-class compartment at Hankow we had our luggage thrust; the shrill whistle blew and exactly on schedule time we pulled out of the depot. Had it not been for the crowds of natives on the platform, standing in slant-eyed curiosity, with their hands buried deep in the heavy sleeves of their winter garments, slowly thawing out as the sun rose over the low station-roof, we might have thought ourselves on the continent of Europe. But we were off for Peking, the famous capital of ancient China. And now, 250 miles north of Hankow, I am sitting in a Chinese inn (that institution which brings a pang of remembrance to many a traveller in China), and we are at the end of our first day. We secured an apartment in cars of the English type, save that there is a passage-way along one side. Here we have had our dinner of bread, canned meat, helped out by some rice and other food furnished by the Chinese themselves. The train woke up at six the next morning and snorted sleepily out of the sta-

tion. We were fast getting out of the rice country, characteristic of the South, into the broad plains of the North, brown and dusty in the September sunlight. Here and there clumps of trees mark the villages where the people lived, then there were miles and miles of open fields; no fences, no walls, not even a stone to mark boundaries, but each piece of property as clean as if ruled with a chalk line. On all sides we saw evidences of the people's thrift. Not only do they wrest as much from the overworked soil as it will yield, but their use of draught animals indicates that we are in a country where nothing goes to waste. Teams of donkeys, or a pony and a donkey, or a cow and a donkey, all possible combinations of all possible animals appeared on the long furrows."

He spent some days in the great Capital, visited the tombs of the Ming Emperors, saw something of missionary work at various stations, and returned to his work at Changsha after three weeks' absence.

In the early part of the following year (1907) Warren made his third journey into the heart of the country, this time up the Yuen River, in company with Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Hankow, an old college friend. He visited various cities and described in his letters the fine scenery that he saw. In writing of the journey he says: "My late tour through the Yuen River valley as far as Chenchow was not only very interesting, but I think it has served to give me a much bet-

ter knowledge of the work that the missionaries are doing; has made it clearer to me what we can reasonably expect from them in furnishing us with students from their lower schools and has also, I hope, by means of personally conversing with them, given them a fair and favorable idea of the work which we are undertaking in Changsha. Aside from any effect which such an excursion may have on the work of the Mission, it is certainly highly instructive to one who is anxious to learn all he can of the language and life of the people. I find, too, that my friends among the Chinese are pleased to see that I care to travel about in the Province and do not feel hurt that I have visited more cities in China than most of them have seen. We feel very strongly our indebtedness to the missionary body of Hunan and our readiness to do all we can to meet our obligations to them."

X

KULING

"THE calendar says that to-morrow will be the 17th of September [1906], and my reckoning indicates that I shall be twenty-nine. I believe the former, but the latter seems to me preposterous. I cannot see the years go by without feeling that it is all a great mistake. If my birthday came every other year it would still always pass with the thought that I am too young to be so old." It was his last birthday anniversary.

Much was packed into the closing months of that eventful year. High hopes had been realized in the visible shaping of the Mission, the school launched, the machinery working smoothly.

Warren passed from the old year into the new, all unconscious that there were left to him but seven short and busy months of that life in China to which he had given himself with so much zest and such bright anticipations. "We go to the British Consulate for dinner on New Year's Eve," is all he says about the dawning of the year 1907. The same contagious buoyancy, the same keen and kindly humor, the same interest in all about him, the same devotion to the welfare of the school characterized those days when the work was still in its initial stages. Already his life

for "the boys" appears in his plans for them, which covered everything which might in any way broaden their knowledge or develop their characters: "This morning I preached to the boys in Chinese and how I did pity them! I think that one of the chief reasons for commiserating the Chinese is that they have to listen to foreigners preach! This is the Week of Prayer and there have been union meetings every day at three o'clock. To-day one is to be held here in our chapel, our first public meeting, and we expect a full house. I do not preach, but yield the honor to Mr. Wilson of the London Mission, who is a veteran in the service. This evening we have a little gathering of the boys, they discussing some subject of interest to themselves. To-night we consider whether China should take up arms, or be a peaceful nation."

A little later he writes: "Our school has not yet closed. We have one more week of recitations and then examinations. Some of the students live a long way off and they must be starting soon in order to get home by New Year. Those who live very far away go in bands, thus making it safer and pleasanter to travel."

Pictures of domestic happiness in Changsha, when all were gathered together and of one mind and spirit, appear in his letters of this time: "This morning [March 24th] Hume preached his maiden sermon, I steadying him by sitting by him and taking charge of

the opening exercises. Mrs. Hume played the organ, while Mrs. Thurston, Gage, Hail and Hoyt adorned the front row. It was a good service. They are getting better as we become more at home in the use of the language. We are having a Chinese meal once a week, on Sunday noon now, and it tastes very good. Thus the work of the servants is reduced and it is no trouble to bring in our portion from the school kitchen."

Warren was appointed to represent the Mission at the Centennial Conference at Shanghai. Toward this event he turned with pleasure, and for it he early laid his plans. He writes fully of the great gathering. Speaking of Shanghai, he says: "Gorgeous shops and stores of all kinds, horses of the best, automobiles, 'rickshas crowd the streets and there is no speed limit. The Chinese of Shanghai are learning alacrity with remarkable success, promptly obeying the signal from the man in blue."

Speaking of the convention, he says: "Arthur Smith's address was strong and adequate to the occasion. I am looking for more of that kind." He was impressed by the Martyrs' Memorial Hall, where the sessions were held, and many places of interest attracted him. He was a guest of the British Consul, whose ample quarters were a delight to him. While at Shanghai he met many noted missionaries, many friends from America. After a fortnight's absence he

SEABURY AND HOYT IN NATIVE DRESS

returned to Changsha: "Back to work again for a few weeks and the summer comes and we flee away."

After the Shanghai Conference Professor and Mrs. Beach were cordially welcomed to the Yale counsels at Changsha. It was a distinct advantage to have the long experience and ripe judgment of Professor Beach upon questions affecting the initial life of the Mis ion. Warren made frequent allusion to this good fortune and counted it no ordinary event in the early history of educational work in the city to have on the ground so wise a friend and so vital a part of the Mission work as he. May 19th Warren writes: "This morning Mr. Beach spoke to the boys, I presiding and conducting the service; then we prevailed upon him, Mrs. Thurston, Dr. and Mrs. Hume and little Teddy to stay and share our fare with us. Last evening we had the entire party down here for dinner, ten in all, including Mr. and Mrs. Beach and Hoyt. We feel deserted if Hoyt is not with us on any pleasant excursion or whenever we are having a good time."

Warren accompanied Professor and Mrs. Beach up to Siangtan, and had many a good talk with them on the future of the Mission: "We are having some valuable times with Mr. Beach. He tells us what the committee think of us and brings with him some of their 'Memoranda' for our examination. There is one we are just now considering. It covers our relation to the home committee and to our work here. Among other

provisions it allows us bachelors thirty dollars for 'vacation expenses,' and lavishes on the married folks seventy or seventy-five; I am therefore beginning to think that it will pay me to get married! If I can get a wife who will do all the washing and cooking and, also, manage the housework, I can make money on my salary, especially if she is a vegetarian and a dyspeptic!!"

After Warren's death Professor Beach furnished an estimate of him and the quality of his work as he saw it in May, 1907, a few weeks before he left Changsha for the last time. It is produced here, in part, with confidence that there is no one better qualified to give a just account of the work of the Mission, and Warren's personal share in building it up, than he: "For the last two years Warren's letters have closely revealed the dead earnestness with which he grappled the serious tasks confronting the Mission. To him the language was part and parcel of the people. To acquire it was, therefore, *via* the Chinese themselves, rather than through text-books on the language. Its study was a voyage of discovery, in the course of which he learned the people, as well as their strange tongue. His teacher was more useful than his text-books and a stroll in the city or country, with stops at temples and tea-shops, accompanied by his teacher or some Chinese friend, yielded a satisfactory return in natural, idiomatic Chinese. And yet Warren

did not neglect books and the higher forms in Chinese. His method was to read widely rather than with a slavish regard for the acquisition of the difficult characters and idioms. The Changsha dialect is so hard to understand, for a foreigner who knows only that of Peking, that I do not feel competent to characterize his linguistic attainments. I do know this, however, that so far as language is effective, as a medium for the free interchange of ideas and a bond of friendship between man and man, Warren had admirably succeeded in this primary missionary task.

"And he was even more successful in the cognate and more difficult undertaking of learning the people and winning their friendship. I have met in China and other mission fields hundreds of missionaries, but I do not recall more than half a dozen who, in so brief a period, have succeeded so well as Seabury in this most important matter of understanding men of wholly alien mind and character and winning their respect, and in many cases, their real friendship. Most missionaries do not accomplish in a score of years what he did in three. He genuinely enjoyed trips alone out into little-travelled sections, and had it not been for strong remonstrances he might have gone into the wild regions of little-known Kulichou instead of to Kuling. That Province attracted him because of its very rudeness and the atmosphere of adventure which surrounded its mountain stretches.

"A third task which Warren surprised me in accomplishing, or nearly so, was in the search for land for the Mission. In 1904 Mr. Luce and I had spent many days in exhausting the possibilities as to sites within some miles of Changsha. Owing to Mr. Gage's bodily weaknesses at that time, and Dr. Hume's later arrival, most of the burdensome search for land and practically all the negotiations for the property actually secured, fell upon Seabury. He had developed to a marked degree, for one so new to the country, many of those characteristics which enable one to maintain his ground in land dickering. Reticence, humor, ability to chaff, firmness, and a real friendship, together with entire faith in God, won the day in the case of the city property purchase. The search for land outside the city was continued to the end. So unselfishly did Seabury give himself to this work that he spent two summers in the fearful heat of Changsha, so unsanitary in July and August. He would have spent his last summer there, instead of going to Kuling, had it not been for the Mission's insistence on his getting relief from strain, in that cool mountain valley.

"A fourth respect in which Warren exhibited growing strength was in the capacity for leadership. So readily did he respond to the demands upon him that I once prophesied that if he were spared long enough, he would in twenty years prove himself one of the

foremost leaders in China's missionary force. He was wise enough never to assert himself as against his associates, yet his wisdom was usually so self-commendatory that it gained assent. His joyous life and humorous way of lighting up a difficult question or situation always made him a welcome associate in other missions as well. Having first found his way to the affections of others it was easyto be their leader. Such a man would have commended himself still more to the Chinese had he been longer in the relation of leader among them. What Seabury would have been as an educational leader, it is hard to say. He loved the students and yet could be firm as a rock with them, and they honored him in the very process.

"Plans of his which we talked over very fully during a trip to Siangtan suggest two of the 'might have beens,' had his life been prolonged a few years. One of them was a projected course of philosophical study which was to be made his avocation in China and might be continued at Yale during his first furlough with a possible Ph.D. as its seal, but not as its motive. The works of the Sung Dynasty Philosophers had greatly appealed to him from a superficial knowledge of them and he felt that the study of years might enable him not only to understand China better, but it might also be a genuine contribution to the student of philosophy in Occidental lands, if the result of his studies should in time be given to the world.

"While Seabury's enthusiasm for the Sung Philosophy, despite its being clothed in so forbidding and impenetrable a garb as the classical Chinese, suggests a profound and scholarly man, his second proposition, which fairly transfigured him in the telling, reveals his genuinely Christian character in its breadth of human interest. He had a vision of the time when land outside the city would be secured, so that the city property would be needed no longer for college purposes. Instead of the present lowly buildings, devoted to education, a worthy pile, the finest in Changsha, was to be erected for the purposes of a Young Men's Christian Association and Social Settlement combined. Its object was to be twofold; one the social and Christian betterment of the young manhood of his adopted city, the other a prophylactic against mere selfish scholasticism in the faculty and students of the Chinese Yale. To this building they should come, from their scholarly isolation beyond the city walls, and freely mingle with men of another type, who greatly needed just such Christian helpfulness as this centre would enable them to give. How could a man who glowed with so high and holy an enthusiasm have been anything other than a most potent influence for good, had God permitted him to spend his life as an educator?

"To recapitulate, Warren Seabury was a man whose three years in China were at once a record of

E. H. Hume, M.D. Brownell Gage, B.D. W. B. Seabury, M.A. W. J. Hail, B.D.

YALE MISSION COLLEGE: TEACHERS AND STUDENTS

Professor H. P. Beach, Yale University, in the centre

unusual accomplishments and of still greater prophecies. He was symmetrically fashioned; he loved and touched life at very many points. Like the Man of Galilee, he mingled with the lowliest and charmed the highest with his humility, humanity and self-sacrificing goodness. Though the years of his active ministry were as few as His Master's, Warren Seabury has sown seed that will reproduce itself in many lives through the future years. Our Mission, and those who knew him in China, both Chinese and foreigners, are the richer because of his generous, buoyant, sacrificial life and his prophetic trust in God, Who outlives all His works and Who looks upon such a career as Warren's as Jesus did upon the poured-out cruse of precious ointment."

And now begins the summer hegira to Kuling. The weather had settled into its customary grooves of unrelieved heat and the little children of the Mission must be taken to the resort among the hills. Writing on June 2d, he says: "We are widowers and bachelors indeed, to-day. Last night our fair ones left us for Kuling. We had them all down to dinner and had the usual jolly time. There were eight of us in all and the pleasure of being in our newly furnished dining-room was not the least of the evening's pleasures. We have had it wainscoted lately and stained a weathered oak color. Above the plate-rail the white wall has been colored dark green; the entire effect

is very good. Hail's prize cups and mine, Chinese plates and brasses, ornament the plate-rail and it all looks very well, I can assure you. The worst of it is that we who have put the money into it must get out next fall and leave it for some one else. We have made plans for the bachelors to live over the school and these alterations will soon be begun."

As the end of the year's work draws near, the last fortnight he was to spend in the city he had learned to love, and with "the boys" into whose lives he had entered with fond hopes of a future college of far-reaching influence, his words carry a forceful meaning to those at home, to whom he writes: "This morning Hail and I got up at five and went out for a walk. There is a range of low hills across the river and considerably below the city, which has loomed up like a promised land for almost as long as we have been here. Often we cast our longing eyes over in that direction and talk of the time when we can look from our verandas out over the river and see the boats coming in or can rest our eyes upon the smooth sides of the hills in the other direction. We often think how much better it will be for every one of our number, from the little children to the men who do the work and the boys for whose sakes we are here.

"So this morning before it became warm, we went across (one can go the entire distance to the further bank now in one boat, the water having covered the

island in places) to the further side and started up over the low hills. There is a strip of rice land along the bank of the river, protected by a bank, on which the men who tow the boats travel, and used also as a highway for people passing up and down the river on foot. These rice fields make inland, here and there, thus breaking the regular front presented by the low red hills, which begin to rise from the level of the rice fields at a distance of fifty or a hundred yards from the river. Perhaps it would be better to call the higher land bluffs, for they hardly rise to the dignity of hills, although they are prominent from their location and also from the red color which here and there lies bare through their covering of green. There are on these bluffs some very attractive pieces of land for our purpose, and this morning (as is always the case when we pass through or near that region) our imaginations were given free rein as we attempted to picture what we could do with such an opportunity. We would turn the low land where the rice is now growing into athletic fields, and would not be worried if the river did overflow that part of our property once in two or three years. Then we would even off the irregularities in the slope above and have steps ascending to the higher level. There would be our houses along the front stretch and commanding the river, while the dormitories and recitation halls would be further in, commanding a view across the hills to

the west. It would be a beautiful place and I feel as if God must mean it for us. When I think of the advantages in such a place I become almost unreconciled to our present quarters and I certainly feel impatient to start on permanent ground."

Warren was about to leave the city with which he had been associated only two years and four months. He had viewed her walls on all sides, had become familiar with her narrow streets, her busy people. He pictured the Changsha of the future, when the civilization of the Far West would have become dominant there. He knew her environs, having gone over them with every possible attention to detail, in localities he regarded as coming within the requirements of the "Promised Land." And now he was unwittingly doing the last things, making his plans to go off to the hills. He had remained there during two hot summers: "Other missionaries do this; why not I?" His home friends, his associates at Changsha, had argued against it, but he did not yield. When, during a particularly hot spell in the previous summer, he almost relented and was about to go to Kuling and, as he humorously said, "enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," he so deeply felt the claims of the work that he remained behind, and now, even as late as June 16th, he still tried to make out a case, saying: "Why not remain another summer, also? It is hot, but not too hot. White suits, a fresh one

every two days at least, shirts, collars and all the rest, fill up the basket and fatten the wash bill. So we drink refreshing lemonade and lime-water, sit under the punkah, sleep as late as we can in the morning and, when school closes, I am going to be a lazy man of leisure, a disgrace to my family. If one does this he will get on marvelously."

He spent a few days with the Commissioner of Customs on the island, in the same commodious house where he found relief from the heat during the previous summer. He writes, June 30th: "Here in the school all is quiet. Most of the boys have left and those who wish to remain all summer are preparing to move over to the Dispensary while the work here is in progress. To-morrow alterations begin and will go on for several weeks. We hold examinations for such students as wish to enter the school in the fall."

Under date of July 7th he says: "The work on the house, which is one of the things keeping me, is now in its initial stages and there is very little that I can do for several weeks. The examinations are now out of the way and the teachers and servants are paid off for another month. The question of land is always in my mind and I am to hear to-day whether there is any reason for my staying on on that account. I feel quite enthusiastic at the prospect of seeing Kuling in the summer season and having a good solid rest with

my friends. Mrs. Lovell writes that I must go and stay with them. She adds: 'We will have all the music we want, that we will rise late, sleep long and eat the bread of pleasure.' It sounds very attractive and I shall enjoy long hours of conference with those good people."

On the morning of July 10th, he left Changsha for Kuling. He had reached a juncture in his work when he could breathe freely, confident that no harm could come to the cause while he was away. On that day he was at his best, more mature in thought, more experienced in practical affairs, richer in knowledge of the Chinese character and language. It was impossible to know him at that time without a consciousness of something rare in his nature, something broad and deep to which he had come by the gradual ascent of his aspiring soul. He was in his youthful prime, just ready for the educational work to which he had given his ardent life. In the ripening of his early manhood there was apparent a proportion between his physical and mental powers, while the deeply spiritual, ever kept in reserve, was gaining new strength and sweetness. His feelings had grown more delicate, more responsive to the appeal of reasonable pity. We picture him on the deck of the steamer, still searching the shore with a vision ever eager to find a site for the New Yale. Alas! he was never to behold her in all the beauty he had pictured her. His work for his beloved

KULING IN THE MOUNTAINS

Yale Bungalow on extreme right

College had been done, and speedily done. It remained for others to take it up and carry it forward.

Writing from Kuling, July 21, 1907:—

"There! I suppose that the assurance of my being in Kuling will do something towards making your summer more comfortable. If it will there is one good reason supplied for my coming here. 'Lassie' (my little dog) and I were escorted by the Gilberts to the steamer. There was a long delay in her casting off and we found it very hot against the hulk. At Kiu-kiang we, who were bound for Kuling, came ashore and repaired to the rest house. There coolies were called and the trip up to Kuling began. It was not a very hot day below and as we wound along the steep, bare hills in the bright sun, it became cooler and cooler. My hands were badly burned, but no other ill-effect of the journey was experienced. The Lovells' little house was soon found and I was heartily welcomed. A wind had begun to blow and by sunset it seemed like an October evening in the mountains of New Hampshire. Thus far there has been no rain. During the day it has been even possible to play tennis at noon, a thing that no one would attempt on the plain. In the evening it has been so cool that we have wanted a wrap when sitting on the veranda. Compare this with the hot nights and blistering days below and one is convinced of the first great attraction of

Kuling. The people have been very nice and I have been picnicking, or dining, or going to some other social function every day since I came."

Warren spent thirteen days at Kuling. All who have written of those days speak of his buoyancy, his irrepressible mirth, his great vivacity, as of one who has just been released from school. There were conferences with his co-laborers, Hume and Gage, and many were the good times he had with his host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Lovell, and with the children whom he knew.

Sunday evening, July 28th, was spent around the piano in the Lovell bungalow. They sang the beautiful hymns in "In Excelsis." At half-past nine Warren excused himself that he might write his weekly home letter. When he had finished it he placed it on the mantel to be posted the following morning, after he had left for the excursion which had been previously arranged. The letter is almost wholly given to the subject of the purchase of a house: —

KULING, LOT NO. 76 B.,
July 28, 1907.

"Kuling has captured me and I am its obedient servant. Such beautiful air! for we are up 4500 feet above the level of the sea. Almost no mosquitoes and I have used no netting over my bed since I came. Not a single punkah in the place! The valley is not

pretty, as I wrote last year and as you can see from photographs of it; the houses are little blocks of stone standing up in the searching sunlight. Some are perched high on the sides of the hills or balance themselves even on the very tops of the long slopes. There are two major classes here, (1) those who like lofty dwellings and minimize the labor and distress of climbing to get the view, and (2) those who prefer a more central location, lower down, from which one can go up if he wishes. I am a late convert to the latter class, for I like a place near people, near the courts and the church. As to sunsets, they never come oftener than once a day(!) and you can always clamber up a hill if you wish to see one. Then there are days when it is wet and no one sees anything. So on the whole I belong to the lowland people. Yes, Kuling is good. I have been playing tennis again. A man named Richards, Yale Sheff, is with me in doubles. We have beaten all combinations thus far in practice. And the people are so cordial and the children are so happy and well! Picnics for young men and maidens, suppers for the unwary married ones, moonlight excursions for the sentimental and those who were once so — all these things attract. A concert, a convention and other public functions, keep the community well toned up. It is a good place and I am wondering how to get the most out of it in coming years.

"All this is the introduction, used with a homiletic purpose — 'to gain the hearer's attention,' 'win their sympathy,' 'enlist their moral support,' etc. For I am about to make a serious proposal.

"Proposal. I propose to buy a house! There now!"

Then Warren goes on to describe a house which was at that time for sale; it was "back from the road, sequestered, opening out to a fine view down the valley." He concludes this, his last letter, by saying:—

"In getting a house of course I am thinking that I can then have a place for you when you come out to see me. This is bound to be. Then, if I do not rent it, I can have friends with me, ask some married people to run the house and take me in, or I can have a pleasant company of my own choosing. I am as enthusiastic as a boy over the prospect of a new possession. We shall see! I hope that it can be.

"With much love to all and with many apologies for being your son and brother!

WARREN."

So ends his last letter; so terminates that long list of bright and cheery messages to his home friends. It carries the same candor, the same deference to parental wishes, the same look forward, so like him in all his correspondence.

XI

THE ACCIDENT

The morning after Warren wrote his last home letter he was up at five o'clock and soon off on the long tramp to the "White Deer College." It was on this trip that the fatal accident occurred. The incidents connected with that sad event are affectingly told by Warren's friend and co-worker, Brownell Gage, and are as follows:—

"Five of us left Kuling last Monday morning, July 29th, to make a visit to the 'White Deer College,' which lies at the foot of the mountains about ten miles from here. This college dates back to the ninth century, and is of special interest because of the connection which it has with the names of some of China's great literati, especially the writer of the standard commentaries on the classics, the sage Chu Hsi, who did much for the college in the twelfth century. It was therefore of special interest to our party, all of whom were engaged in educational work, — Mann at St. John's College, Shanghai; Kemp at Boone College, Wuchang; Seabury, Hume and Gage at the school of the Yale Mission in Changsha.

"We started with a beautiful sunrise, but about six

o'clock we found ourselves in the Nankang pass surrounded by clouds and mist, and at one time were on the point of turning back. But the clouds rose above us and the bright sunlight appeared on the horizon over Poyang Lake. So we went down the mountain. The road is in beautiful scenery all the way, and in spite of frequent drenchings from the rain, and having to ford streams up to our knees, we all enjoyed the walk immensely. We talked of books, and Mann was most interesting and suggestive with results of his discriminating reading. Seabury spoke of how much he was enjoying a book of Newman's which he was reading. That led our conversation to theology and we shall not forget the profitable talk we had on the subject and on related topics of Christian history and experience. We were enough unlike in our points of view and habits of thought and theological training to make it worth while to get each other's opinions. Altogether it was a day one likes to look back to and few days in our lives have had in them so little to regret, up to the time of the accident, when Seabury fell into the stream. Both men, if they could have spoken, would have said it was a good day to be their last on earth.

"The spirits of the party rose with the increasing wetness, and after a lunch under the hospitality of a Chinese roof, we reached the College in a mood to appreciate the visit. It is in an ideal location for se-

cluded literary study, surrounded by hills and trees, with a fine view of the 'Five Old Peaks' in the background. We wandered from court to court trying to puzzle out inscriptions, and hunting for some of the famous tablets. Mann showed that he had made good use of his time in the study of Chinese. The Literary Assembly Hall, adorned only with the characters of the eight virtues; Memorial Hall, with its images of Confucius, Mencius, and their disciples; the shrine of Chu Hsi, and back of it, the cave of the poet, Li P'u, 'the White Deer Gentleman,' with its stone image of the white deer, placed here in the fourteenth century by Ho Cheng — these were all visited and Dr. Hume took several photographs.

"We left the College about half-past twelve. As we started back, I turned and said to Warren: 'Won't it be good to get back to the swimming pool and have a plunge?' He answered that he did n't know whether he would go in or not. He had previously told Hume that he could swim forty or fifty yards. I knew of a perfectly safe pool with a gravel bottom, in a small canyon of the mountain stream which our path followed. When we got to the place, about half-past one o'clock, I turned aside from the path to look for the way to this pool. Warren, Kemp, and I were together, Hume and Mann being two hundred yards behind us.

"The stream at this point has worn a canyon whose

sides are almost vertical walls of rock, though further down the stream they are steep banks covered with dense undergrowth. In the brook bed below are several pools, varying in depth, some of which make excellent swimming places. At the head of the canyon and twenty or more feet above it, on a level with the road, is a smooth flat rock, crossed by the main road on its upper side, from which it slopes gradually to the bed of the brook, which thus flows across the rock on the side furthest from the road. The rock conducts the stream to a plunge of twenty feet into the pool at the head of the canyon. This is a deep pot-hole, shaped like a tea-kettle, whose rock walls are polished smooth by the whirling eddies. In dry weather, when the brook is small, many of us have swum up into it from the shallower pools below. But on Monday, with the stream and the cascade swollen by the rain, it was almost impossible of approach, because the current at its mouth was so swift.

"While I was hunting for a path in the bushes fifty yards below the waterfall, Warren must have started to undress on the flat rock referred to above, — perhaps not intending to go in swimming but only to bathe in the stream above the falls. The rock he was on was slippery because it was wet by the rain. Hume was just in time to see him slip, and slide, his momentum increasing with his efforts to gain his balance. In a moment more he was carried by the stream over

the falls, going over in a sitting posture. He came up, struck out two or three strokes, and then went under, not to be seen again. Mann was not in time to see him, and Hume had no chance to reach the pool and he could not swim. Mann went down immediately over the face of the rock into the pool just below the pot-hole into which Warren had fallen. It was a dangerous descent, and I do not know how he could have accomplished it. He told me that he fell the last eight or ten feet. The roar of the water prevented Kemp and me from hearing. Having failed to find a path, I came back to the top of the bank and was told by Hume what had happened, ten minutes after the event. I rushed back where the path should have been and got into the water at the pool we had intended to swim in, fifty yards below the waterfall, and then swam up to where Mann was working, just below the upper pool. He told me he had tried five or six times to get into this upper pool, only to be washed down by the water at its mouth. While I was getting my breath and taking off my clothes he made one or two more attempts. Then we went together for the last effort, swimming up with the back current to the rock at the mouth of the pot-hole. This time Mann, somehow, got a shove on the rock which carried him across the current of the upper pool and was carried around almost under the waterfall. I tried to follow, but was washed down by the current, as he had been in his

earlier efforts. I swam back to try again and saw Mann carried around by the circling currents and finally go under not many feet from the waterfall. I do not feel certain whether he was diving for Warren or was sucked under by the whirlpool. He never came up. It was impossible for me to get into that pool with the strength I had left, and it was useless or worse than useless to be carried around by the whirling waters unless one had some idea where help was wanted. Hume and Kemp soon returned with a rope and Kemp with the rope about him dove into the pool below. None of us, even the rescue party, the next day, got into the upper pool, which grew worse as the rain continued later in the afternoon. The search party could only drag it and search it with poles while the waterfall was so heavy. It was nearly two hours, after Warren went under, that we gave up hope and Kemp started up the mountain for help. He left us at three-thirty o'clock and arrived at Kuling at five-thirty. Three men started back at seven o'clock, with ten coolies, dry clothing, food, etc. Meanwhile Hume and I had retired to a temple near by to get dry. The three men joined us there about midnight. A large party with ladders, ropes, grappling irons, etc., arrived at sunrise, and the search began. About four hours later Warren was found in the pool below the pot-hole where he fell in. Mann was found in the pool half an hour later. Both

were pulled up easily on ladders. Warren had on his running pants, shirt and pongee coat,[1] and Mann the underclothes which he had not taken off. They were carried up the mountain on stretchers, arriving before two o'clock. A host of friends here had made preparations to receive them. They were buried together next morning at eight o'clock, after a beautiful outdoor service conducted by the Rev. James Jackson, President of Boone College, of the Episcopal Mission, in Wuchang, and by Warren's classmate and roommate, Rev. Gilbert Lovell, of the Presbyterian Mission in Siangtan.

(Signed) BROWNELL GAGE."

The heroic efforts of Arthur Mann to save Warren's life, repeatedly plunging into the swirling pool and emerging but to plunge in again, reveal the martyr spirit which swayed him. The utter self-sacrifice of this talented, well-equipped, promising Christian teacher to the Chinese fills all hearts with admiration. To Warren's home circle it brought an oppressive wave of the deepest gratitude, mingled with exquisite pain that one so noble in character, so indispensable to the work in China, should give his life in so chivalrous an effort to rescue a beloved son and brother.

[1] In other accounts of the accident it is told that when Warren was found he lay with his hands clasped across his chest, his face wearing a peaceful expression.

What can be finer in quality or breathe a choicer magnanimity than the words of Arthur Mann's father, Matthew D. Mann, M.D., of Buffalo, N. Y., in a letter to the writer of this sketch: "As regards Arthur's efforts to save Warren's life, we would not have had it otherwise. I would rather have had him dead than for him to have proven himself a coward; such I know was his own spirit. He could not help doing all that was in his power." In Arthur Mann's noble deed were illustrated the words of our Lord: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

These two young men, in the vigor of early manhood, engaged in a similar undertaking, the advancement of Christian education in China, finished their earthly service at almost the same moment. They were ushered as one soul into the presence of their God, one in their self-dedication to a sublime ministry, at a great epoch in the unfolding of a mighty people, one in their humility, one in their spiritual valiancy. As in a sudden translation, they stood side by side before their King — and were not ashamed. Laying their commissions before Him, of labors already finished, they were ready to be assigned to the new and infinitely higher mission to which they had been so swiftly summoned.

Soon after the accident Professor Olin Wannamaker of Canton composed these lines:—

WARREN SEABURY AND ARTHUR MANN

("They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.")

They two went down the hills through a stormy dawn
With joyous comrades, laughing in the mist,
Cleaving the windy fog before their steps,
And holding converse as they downward fared.

The storm fog drenched their footing on the stones,
The rains came roaring down the mountain streams,
The torrent snatched them, — and they were no more.

Their souls walked forth across the morning heights,
And past the peaks and up beyond the clouds;
So, while their brethren sought their bodies drowned,
That loving hands might tomb them in the hills,
Christ met them all amazed — in Paradise.

In that perilous struggle to save the life of their friend and fellow-laborer nothing more could have been done than was done by Hume, Gage, and Kemp, facing the wild storm of that terrible afternoon. Breaking the news to the families at Kuling, the anxious night in the Buddhist temple, finding the bodies after the long search and bearing them up the mountain-side to the bungalow prepared for them, these and other incidents form a picture of inexpressible sadness, relieved only by the certainty that the "Eternal God is our Refuge." Nor can it ever be forgotten how anxious every one was to show his respect for the memory of the dead; boys who loved

Warren gathered ferns from the mountain slopes, in the driving rain, and lined his grave with them, and other devoted hands covered the graves with flowers, bringing at short intervals fresh tokens, until the season closed and they returned to their labors in the cities. Could Warren have expressed his choice it would no doubt have been: "Let me lie here among the people to whom I have given my life." There may his body rest, guarded by the bold and rugged mountains, while "the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky." To have separated Arthur Mann and Warren Seabury, in their final resting-place, would have done violence to the marvellous blending of their homegoing.

Not long after the burial, when the stricken colony had had time to recover from the shock of the tragic event, about thirty of Warren's friends met in the Yale bungalow for a service of remembrance. Some of his associates spoke of that phase of his life with which each was most familiar: Gilbert Lovell, his College and Seminary days; Philip Evans, Northfield and his missionary purposes; Arthur Sherman, his winter at Hankow; Fleischer, his early months at Changsha; Hume and Gage, his services to the Yale Mission; Edwin Lobenstine, spiritual impressions and lessons from his life. The hymns were those of which he was especially fond.

The universal expressions of sorrow at Kuling were

CEMETERY AT KULING

Of the two nearest graves Arthur Mann's is on the left, Warren Seabury's on the right

also manifest in many letters of sympathy from the various missionary boards represented there during that sad summer, and from those at their posts of duty at Changsha, Hankow, Wuchang, Shanghai, and other places.

Hoyt was at Dalny when the news reached him. It came as an overwhelming blow to this dear friend of Warren's. It was more than his stricken heart could bear. Struggling to express himself, he wrote: "Never in my life before had any friend come to mean so much to me in every way, as had Warren in the year that I knew him. The whole aspect of my work and my life in Changsha was changed by our friendship and companionship. And I can't make the loss seem real yet. Death had never come very close to me before and I can't grasp it. I ought not to dwell so long on my own feelings, but I would like to have you know a little of all that Warren was to me. He always stood for the best and the highest and my great loss makes me want to reach out to you over the sea my best love and deepest sympathy." Early in September Hoyt went back to his post of duty as teacher in the Shi-ya Government school at Changsha. He was then suffering from dysentery; after many weeks of wasting illness heart failure brought this choice spirit his call to higher work. Hoyt and Seabury planned to live together the following year, for Warren used to say: "We can't get along without Ho."

Rev. H. Roswell Bates, who came to Kuling soon after the event, and who has, since his return to this country, used Warren's life as the text of many powerful addresses to students, writes as follows: "Early one morning while at Kuling I went out on a spur of a mountain which overhangs the valley, in search of his quiet resting-place. I knew the grave by the fresh cut flowers which were placed upon it and sat down to read my Bible for a little while and to think over his beautiful life. The more I think of him the more his friendship means to me. Surely he had 'built his nest in the greatness of God' and when the flood came which snatched his soul from his body it could not harm him, for he was with God and there, I am sure, he is finding a larger service than he could know in China.

"The Chinese were greatly impressed at his funeral; impressed for three reasons: first, because the Christians placed such emphasis upon the victory over death; second, because the Christians showed such love for him. Of course the Chinese do not regard death as a triumphal entry into eternal life, and the attitude shown by his warmest friends at the time of his death taught them the value of the Christian faith as no sermon could have done. Third, the Chinese know so little of what we call Brotherhood, that they kept saying to themselves in surprise, 'Why, their faith really makes them love each other!'"

XII

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE

The daily press of July 30th gave the news of Warren's death to his friends far and near. It brought to the family a flood of letters from his acquaintances, associates, classmates, and those who had passed through similar afflictions. They were significant and eloquent in the things they could not say, the emotions they could not express.

On the twenty-first day of September a Memorial Service for him was held in the First Congregational Church of Wellesley Hills, a large company of his friends attending. The ushers were his classmates and old-time companions. Choice flowers were beautifully arranged by devoted friends. On the front of the pulpit were two wreaths, one bearing the letters "A. S. M.," the other, "W. B. S." The hymns sung were two of those used at the funeral at Kuling, also, "Crossing the Bar," a favorite with him, and "Some time we 'll understand." The programme contained several quotations from his letters, and a leaflet in memory of the sacrifice of Arthur Mann. Samuel B. Capen, LL.D., presided, representing the American Board. Addresses were made by Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., representing Yale University; Rev. D.

Brewer Eddy, of the Executive Committee of the Yale Mission in China; Professor M. W. Jacobus, D.D., of Hartford Theological Seminary; Rev. Frank K. Sanders, D.D., instructor and friend; Bishop Roots of the American Episcopal Mission, Hankow, China, friend in the foreign field. Rev. W. B. Stoskopf of the Church of the Advent, Boston, read the Scriptures. The prayer by Rev. John R. Thurston, D.D., father of the late Lawrence Thurston, flowed from a soul burdened by a kindred sorrow, but steadfast in its faith in God. The words spoken came from the lips of men who loved Warren, and were marked by great discrimination, appropriateness, sympathy, and beauty. They disclosed his character from personal knowledge of him as a student, a worker on the field, an intimate friend. He was brought to view in that innate and efficient harmony which he possessed, for in him no quality of supreme weight stood out conspicuously; no power was kept in the shadow by another loftier than itself. His real charm lay in the quiet symmetry of all his gifts. His sense of humor, vivid as it was, blended with his promptness to see and feel the insistence of duty, the responsibility of stewardship, the realities of the future. Reverence in poise with pleasantry, firmness with gentleness, humility with moral assertiveness, a passion of righteous indignation with patience and self-control, haste in doing the King's business with composure in biding

the King's time, — these traits, in their interweaving, were characteristic of him, aiding him through two channels: One was his power of varied acquisition. He gathered from all sources; he gave out with corresponding lavishness, for no part of his acquisitive nature seems to have been dormant. The other was his power of concentration, — "the specialized control of attention," ever arousing him to do many things and to do them well. The addresses, in their fine blending, emphasized this feature.

His friend of earlier days, Rev. Mr. Eddy, said: "The very reason these rich memories crowd upon us is that Warren was such a splendid example of a real Christian. Few are the complete and rounded lives that seem to bear the impress of the Master's touch. We get accustomed to half-hearted service and to the combination of conviction with narrowness, but here we give praise for a life that held a full measure of the pleasures of Christian manhood. . . . I never knew a more unselfish man. What a wealth of tenderness he had for one in trouble! and yet how fine were his strength and determination! To the full and deep earnestness of Christian devotion Warren added an irresistible and infectious attractiveness that made his going to China seem a greater thing than for most men. Life will be the poorer for us if this experience does not lead us straight to the strength and inspiration that Warren knew so well."

This blending of his powers Professor Jacobus brought out at the Memorial Service: "Warren's Seminary work was, first of all, full of the spirit of the life around him. The fraternity of the Seminary halls and Commons knew him at once. If it was the ball game, or tennis, or the winter sports, he was leader in them all. If it was the social hour or the formal reception, or the pleasantry of the student function, he was at the front in each of them and was indispensable to its success. For he was whole-hearted in his enthusiasm just as he was whole-handed in his service. He liked the fun of life. He enjoyed the humor of life. He revelled in the exercise of life. He gave himself to life, just for the simple, wholesome, red-blooded, pure-minded, noble-hearted living of it. And of course this infected others' living. It cleared the cobwebs out of others' brains, it started the sluggishness out of others' veins. It got others who knew books to get acquainted with the vagrant winds of heaven, companionable with the color and the music of God's great world and brought them to know each other and themselves in that living where 'men register their interests by what they do and say and let their minds have play upon.'

"This dear soul was not exempt from struggle. He was not free from question and debate. How deep these were and how vitally they laid hold of him, perhaps none of us shall ever know; for this reserve kept

him from the uncovering of his inner self in the class-room, and made distasteful to him any boisterous airing of himself even within the rooms where friend and friend held communion with one another. But I believe few men within the Seminary life ever dealt more bravely with the questions which that life summons before the soul; for these questions were to him the questions which determined what he himself should believe, as he went out into the dark world of Christless China and sought to lead it to God. He must have a word to speak which was real to him, or he could not make it real to those poor souls. He must know God, or he could not make God known. He must in some way understand for himself the great love of Jesus of Nazareth, as it wrought itself into that ministry in Galilee and that passion on Calvary, or he could not hope ever to make it understood. It was his intense conviction that he must get at these things in their actuality for himself that perhaps left him at points confused in mind as he came to the end of his course, but it was just this same conviction that, when he got across the wide waters, heart to heart with his work, showed him how much after all he had found of what he had sought for. And the treasure he had purchased at such cost he poured out with a far richer offering than if he had never struggled for it at all. The Saviour he gave to others was a far greater Saviour, because he had so become

to be the Saviour of his own soul. The Master he preached to others was a far more royal Master, because he had so come to hold the mastery over his own living. And so it matters little that the service he gave was short in its duration; for it was a service into which he threw all he had gathered out of these deep experiences of his life and all that these experiences had brought him in himself to be."

The letters which came from China after his death referred repeatedly to this well-rounded feature of his character. Gage, who knew him intimately, writes: "I often think of Warren's devotion, which is in itself a cumulative inference, and, as far as examples go, is best shown by such large things as his two summers spent in the hot city. I remember coming in and catching him unawares that first summer (1905), before he thought Hume and I could arrive. We were in the excitement engendered by the hope of getting land. I found him at his table, which had been moved into the court for the sake of coolness, poring over a lot of Chinese characters which he was trying to learn. . . . It was evident that the Chinese had a fondness for him because of his good nature and his patience combined with his personal ways, but the Chinese are stolid about their deepest feelings." In giving a résumé of Warren's qualities, which he considered he possessed to a marked degree, Gage adds: "I should name as most prominent and important

these characteristics in Warren which are essential to success: 1. Robust health and absence of 'nerves.' 2. Cheerfulness and a keen sense of humor. 3. Patience and perfect good nature with exasperating people and circumstances. 4. Enthusiasm, earnestness and force of character. 5. Entire freedom from gossip and the tendency to talk over the weaknesses of others. 6. Good sense and willingness to learn, to change his mind and to take advice and receive suggestions, although they might oppose his previous views."

His capacity for friendship appeared in Bishop Roots's words at the Memorial Service: "The most precious thing about Seabury's life, to those who knew him in China, is the friendship he called out from the Chinese. He learned the language, I think, distinctly better than most young missionaries learn it; but there was something besides his ability to speak their language which gave him access to the hearts of the Chinese. It has been most truly said that Orientals think a great deal more about what you do than about what you say. They judge what you mean not by your words but by your deeds, and it was the constant manifestation of intelligent sympathy and kindliness, in all of his relations, which won for Seabury the confidence of the Chinese. Two of our Chinese clergymen, stationed in Changsha during Seabury's residence there, leaned upon him as I have

never known them to lean on any other person not a member of our own Mission. It comes a little hard to say he was not a member of our Mission, for we regarded him as belonging to us, just as I think other missions regarded him as belonging to them, and our Chinese workers felt as we did about him. They went to him freely, especially when beset by the perplexing dangers incident to the political unrest in China; and his counsel was given freely in such ways as to brace them for all the work they had to do."

Confirming this prevailing trait, a dear friend says: "What a flood of memories come back to me, where that throbbing and earnest heart figured in my life! The distress I was in for years made me know how big a heart, and how sympathetic, he had. I never knew a man whose naturally joyous mood and face would change so quickly on an appeal for friendly sympathy, or whose affectionate interest could have followed as his did the blind gropings on my part for peace. I recall my last look at him; he had driven me down to the station at Wellesley Hills and as the train moved out he stood on the dépot platform; knowing the darkness and uncertainty that was on my heart and when his voice could no longer reach me, he stood with his arm raised, his finger pointing upwards." This further appears in the testimony of Professor F. Wells Williams, a member of the Executive Committee of the Yale Mission, who writes:

"He had a charm such as few possess to win and keep friends and a strength which does not often go with such amiability. To these qualities we owe the successful deal that gave us our college buildings at Changsha, the securing of which will stand as his monument as long as the Mission endures, and seems to have been deemed, by a higher Power than we can comprehend, sufficient to secure him an eternal reward."

The work in China brought Warren face to face with an exacting test of his power of administration. To have a share in laying the foundation of an institution which should have in it the prophecy of years, a far-reaching influence to be slowly and wisely developed, demanded the finest executive talent. The Yale Mission College must become a foremost factor in the educational conquests of the Empire; therefore the initial hours must be long hours and all work thoroughly done. No violence should be shown a people endowed beyond all other Asiatics with the "historic instinct." Such social and intellectual segregation as theirs, which has contributed to their marvellous solidarity, must permit the entrance of a new instinct for civilization. In the vast crisis of change from the old to the new, great wisdom is needed in meeting the temper of the Chinese mind. Those who watched Warren in the days when he began, with his associates, the subsoil work of 1905–6–7,

felt how judicious and unprejudiced he was in his share of the work of that crucial period. He grew in the art of reaching men.

In the resolution passed by the Yale Mission's Executive Committee his administrative ability is thus referred to: —

"Warren Bartlett Seabury was one of the first men who grasped the possibilities of the Yale Mission in China. From his college days, on through all the long years of preparation, he had his mind fixed on the work of Christ in the Far East. He had a clear realization of the needs of China and of the great future that lies before that country, when the teachings of Christianity shall have gained a firm footing there. To the task of aiding in this great work of regeneration through Christian education he devoted himself with tact, patience, energy, courage and faith. He had the supreme satisfaction of knowing that it was mainly due to his labors that the Yale Mission secured premises for the beginning of its work in Changsha, and that it was largely due to him that the Collegiate School completed its first year under such good auspices. The Executive Committee had grown to realize that Warren Seabury's humble and strong character, his sound judgment, cheerful personality, and true loyalty to his Master were among its most valued assets, and feels that in his death the Mission has sustained an irreparable loss, for which it would express

to his family at home and his co-workers in China its deepest sympathy."

And will some one ask, "Why sacrifice to vast and unwieldy China youthful powers which might have been so effectively given to progressive America?" The thrilling answer comes out of the mighty crisis in the China of to-day, an opportune China, an aroused and eager China. How the words ring out in this our swift-winged age: A transformed China! A China without foot-binding, without opium-slaves, without bondage to ancestral worship, without prejudice against Christian institutions! What a glorious mission opens here for a young man, at this the twelfth stroke in the sweep of time! Projecting one's self into this golden epoch of the new century is itself the seal of victory.

Moved by the mighty summons, Warren Seabury pledged himself to surrender in service what he had cherished in vision. He felt it was the ripe hour for the investment of the best talent of American youth, in moulding the China of the future. Although far within the horizon of his ambition, he gave himself to his life's work there, in that country opening her rusty gates to Western thought. He made a deliberate choice, and he ever kept to his high purpose to serve God in China. When his work was finished he was called from it to another part of the Kingdom. Lawrence Thurston gave only eleven months to

China, Warren three times as many. In this, to us, short period, God's plan for him in China was abundantly carried out. In that estimate, which is our great resource, Warren lived a completed life. The increase of years in that inviting field would not have added one laurel to his brow, if the Sovereign of the whole Kingdom wished him in another portion. As a Connecticut pastor writes: "Many a time I have said as I have watched him, 'This young man is destined to be a great missionary.' He had, in a preëminent sense, the equipment for great service in China. He seemed the ideal man for this formative period, and I now recall the words of Phillips Brooks, that 'the Master must have vast resources in men and means to withdraw a life like this.' I think of the Mission's sad bereavement and irreparable loss and of the sore disappointment and the inexpressible sorrow of the Wellesley Hills home, — and then realize that only the Father can interpret this providence and only the Master can make all things clear."

To reduce to concrete form the results of Warren's work is utterly futile; much of it lies hidden in the foundation-laying done with so much prayerful attention to little details, of which only the Eye of God makes account. But there are visible tokens of his labors that will stand the test of time. He applied himself persistently to the acquisition of that most difficult language and after a year's study preached

in it, although brokenly; he won the confidence of the wary Chinese; more than this, he called forth their love. In a land where things endure, he made a distinct contribution to the building of a great Institution, destined to become a part of the life of a country, where longevity is a racial and a social trait. By his industrious hand much of the initial sacrifice was made; as in the erection of some vast cathedral, he devotedly set some of the basal stones in their places. In the task of inaugurating the work itself, Warren was first on Changsha soil. In alliance with Hume and Gage he laid out the courses of study, the rules and regulations for the management of the school. It fell to his lot to discover, purchase, and transform the house now used for school purposes. He pioneered much of the early administration of the School; he shared with his associates the gathering of students, taught in the class-room the first year and saw that year completed. Is not this worth going to China for? Is it not worthy the name of Him Who gave him his original commission, to go forth and teach in His name? Do we wonder that the seal of the Master is already on his labors? Are we surprised at the testimonies already given of the fruits of his efforts to do exact and timely work, in that field with so wonderful an outlook?

Into all that touches the present hour of the Yale of China the labors of Warren Seabury are closely

woven and he *lives in her now*. With this in view Mr. Stokes's words may well be remembered: "It is given to few men to accomplish in a life-time what Warren did in a few short years. It was given him to be one of the founders of a great Institution; he did his work humbly, in the spirit of Christ. His influence will be great among us all. He was a Christian gentleman, a true missionary, one of the noblest fellows I ever met."

Mr. Amos P. Wilder, visiting Changsha early in the year following the accident, writes to the "Yale Alumni Weekly:" "Memories of Thurston and Seabury are constant and bracing rather than sad. . . . Yale men visiting China should push past modern China to Changsha, where one may see the Empire as it is. A cordial welcome awaits him at the School. There are music and flowers, pleasantry and good talk, and in the dormitories not far away one can hear twoscore of young Chinese of good family singing snatches of native songs and talking of new things. Some day there will be five hundred, and then a thousand, and Yale will mean even more at Peking and in the seats of the mighty, and the old saints and sages in Yale's coronation list will lie silent in their graves, as if this potential thing did not trace back to their dreams and their faith. Arthur Smith is right, when he says of this new College in China: 'It is the greatest opportunity any uni-

versity ever had for doing a matchless work for humanity.' "

As this broad educational system unfolds, so fascinating and so prophetic of mighty things, others will bring their glowing testimony to the commanding service of her teachers, foreign and native. They will look upon a great University equipped in all departments, in classics, mathematics, literature, science, art, medicine, law, theology. She will have a worthy plant, her buildings ample and fitted to their uses and to the demands of the age. Her scholarships will be a stimulus to her eager and competitive ambition; her interclass and intercollegiate contests will cover oratory and athletics. Her campus will be a rallying centre for her many students. She will have her college songs, her college colors, her college cheer, and each will be characteristic and inspiring. A religious spirit will not be lacking, but will crystallize in her Christian Association building, in her roll of "Student Volunteers" for regions beyond. As the years sweep on and commencement succeeds commencement, she will produce a noble army of alumni, in the foremost rank of China's educators and public servants, who will return to do honor to their Alma Mater. All this is no idle dream, for the older Yale is behind her, devoted builders are still at work on the foundations, a great price has already been paid for her freedom in the sacrifice of those who have laid down their

lives in her behalf, men who believed that her supremacy, her redemption, is drawing near.

When that coveted, that sublime day dawns, Warren Seabury's vision of a Christian University in Central China will be fully realized.

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